

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

MARCH 28, 1942

WHO'S WHO

PETER PAUL COSGROVE may require you to take a good look at that map of the Pacific which must be somewhere about the house. This is his third article on the war strategy. In it, he tries to be a bit ahead of the news, and to forecast the possibilities of the offensive against the Japanese forces. His survey should be of help to the arm-chair strategists. . . . MARJORIE PRICE is the wife of Lieut. Colonel Terrill E. Price. "We have lived," she writes, "on and off army posts in all sections of the United States. Three of our most enjoyable years in the service were spent in the Philippines. While in the Orient, we traveled in Japan, and spent three months' leave in China." Her sympathy and admiration for our Filipino allies is endorsed by all Americans. . . . ORLANDO A. BATTISTA is a research chemist at the American Viscose Corporation, Wilmington, Del. He wrote an article some months ago, urging more Catholics to be scientists. Science helps to a knowledge of God, as God poses problems for the scientists to solve. . . . GERHARD HIRSCHFELD is well known through his financial and economic articles, published in many periodicals. Some ten years ago, he conducted an economic column in AMERICA. Since then, he has engaged in research work for *Time*, and collaborated on technical volumes in his specialties. . . . JOHN A. TOOMEY, in a limited space, attempts to spotlight the most essential and the most disregarded element in the discussion of birth prevention. . . . HAROLD C. GARDINER, the Literary Editor, did research in the medieval period at Cambridge University, England. He finds he cannot agree with a recent writer that the Middle Ages despaired of happiness.

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COMMENT

THE RECORD of General MacArthur in the battle of the Philippines and the siege of Bataan is a hopeful omen of success in the campaign that is dramatically opening in Australia. As Supreme Commander of the forces of the United Nations, he will be enabled to oppose and even to attack the Japanese invaders on a more extensive battlefield. If reports be correct, he will have under him an American army of a substantial size, and will be furnished with an adequate supply of war equipment. Quite as powerful an influence on the checkmating of the Nipponee as his military genius will be the power of his personality. The confidence placed in him as a wise and a brave soldier will knit together his troops into a tremendously confident fighting force. But back on Bataan emerges another fighter of the same caliber, Lieut. General Jonathan Wainwright. Too little notice has been given by the press to his masterful withdrawal of his forces from Northern Luzon so that the final stand on Bataan Peninsula could be consolidated. The new Commander of the American-Filipino forces and the brave men under him have been heroic but they cannot achieve the impossible. Francis Sayre, High Commissioner of the Philippines, who left the Philippines at the same time as General MacArthur, declared on landing in San Francisco:

At the battlefield from which I have just come, soldiers and sailors are going through the tortures of hell for us here in America.

They cannot possibly continue to hold the line unless we get ships and planes and supplies to them in time. We must match their gallantry. No sacrifice on our part is too great.

No American can be content unless a way is found to supply the implements of war and an increased force to Wainwright and his heroes.

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RUMBLINGS of discontent have lately grown in volume up and down the land. Some of this irritation arises naturally from an almost unrelieved stream of bad news from the theatres of war. A nation out of condition cannot be expected to take with equanimity such crushing blows as Pearl Harbor, the loss of Manila, the routs in Malaya, Burma and Java, the insolent sinking of American ships within sight and sound of the Eastern Coast. In such circumstances, only a trained pugilist can keep his poise and bide his time and watch for an opportunity to assume the offensive. An untrained fighter is liable to lose his head and expose himself still more to the wiles of his tormentor. In this hour of national suffering, we ought to remember this. To lose our heads and vent our exasperation on some scapegoat—on labor or management, Congress or the President—will only defer the time when we can strike at the enemy with annihilating force. Perhaps if we knew all that has been accomplished

since December 7, both at home on the production line and abroad on the far-flung battle-fronts, we would be more lenient in our judgment. Criticism is essential to the war-effort of a democracy, but let us be sure our criticism is born of calm reflection, not of prejudice and exasperation. Otherwise it may seriously jeopardize the unity and cooperation necessary to successful prosecution of the war.

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AN example of the wrong sort of criticism is the current campaign against organized labor. So concerted has been the drive these past few months, in the press, on the platform, and even in Congress, to stigmatize labor unions, that many people have been led to believe that labor is the chief bottleneck in the defense program. On the face of it, such a charge is preposterous, since labor probably stands to lose more from a Nazi victory than any other group in the country. Of this, labor is fully cognizant, and up till now its cooperation with the war-effort has been intelligent, enthusiastic and whole-souled. Naturally, not every man who carries a union card, and not every official either, is a subject for canonization. Since December 7, there have been, unfortunately, a handful of stoppages in defense industries, although not a single strike has had the approval of national labor leaders. Yet these incidents have been magnified out of all proportion and used to discredit all union labor. Similarly, the recent agitation against the forty-hour week, which Congressman Howard Smith, of Virginia, tried unsuccessfully to exploit in Congress, has duped the ill-informed into believing that labor is selfishly refusing to contribute its share toward all-out production. This, of course, is utterly false, and for some time now, workers in most defense industries have been on the job for considerably longer than forty hours a week. This is the type of criticism which is not born of calm reflection, and with which we can agreeably and wisely dispense for the duration.

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WHEN representatives of some thirty Protestant denominations met recently at Wesleyan University to discuss plans for a just and durable peace, they made the proposal of a "duly constituted world government of delegated powers," equipped with international legislature, courts, police, army and navy control, even an international money system. Were such a plan to eventuate in the complete annihilation of national sovereignties, so that existing nations become mere departments of one universal government, it would seem to conflict with that principle which Pope Pius XII, in his Christmas, 1939, allocution, laid down as "the fundamental condition of a just and honorable peace." Such a

peace, said the Pope, should "assure the right to life and independence of all nations, large, small, strong or weak." But the life and independence of all nations does not exclude such limitations upon national sovereignty as a just world order may demand; it does not exclude the formation of a world society, which should possess the powers and functions necessary to fulfil its own purpose. Blueprints for such a world society are an inevitable part of our present looking-ahead to the post-war future. Post-war statesmanship's capital job, however, will be to see that such a society, in the Holy Father's words, is "penetrated ever more by that spirit that alone can give live authority and obligation to the dead letter of articles in international arrangements"; of "intimate, acute moral responsibility, hunger and thirst for justice, universal love."

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NOT without kinship, however, to elements in Papal peace plans, past and present, are certain proposals of the conference at Wesleyan University. Like Pope Benedict XV, they are opposed to "punitive reparations"; they wish no "humiliating decrees of war guilt, no arbitrary dismemberment of nations." They recognize that "the natural wealth of the world is not evenly distributed. Accordingly the possession of such natural resources . . . is a trust to be discharged in the general interest." They recommend "worldwide freedom of immigration." Pope Pius XII has already pointed out that "the goods which were created by God for all men should flow equally to all according to the principles of justice and charity." He has urged "the more favorable distribution of men upon the earth's surface . . . that surface which God created and prepared for the use of all." With their claim that "a new order of economic life is both imminent and imperative" those will violently disagree who see our whole salvation in maintaining the present—or recent—economic *status quo*. But the fact remains that a new economic order is arising, for better or worse. If we scent the danger of collectivist theories behind some of the philosophy of the "American Malvern," it is for the Catholic students to clarify where we stand in the coming redistribution of the world's property and the world's government. At the same time, we can unreservedly join with the conference members in their demand for a "just peace settlement with due regard to the welfare of all the nations, the vanquished, the overrun and the victors alike."

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UNPRECEDENTED is the plan now before the Bureau of the Budget for consideration. It calls for direct subsidies of some \$50,000,000 for colleges and students who may have financial difficulties as a result of the accelerated three-year war courses. The plan has been proposed by the United States Office of Education Wartime Commission, headed by Dr. John W. Studebaker. Undoubtedly, in modern all-out war, the colleges are put under a strain: new courses are introduced, professors are work-

ing overtime, increased taxes will cut down donations. And many a student, obliged to attend classes during the summer months, will be deprived of the chance to earn the wherewithal to pay his way. That is regrettable, but it would be doubly to be lamented if this necessary war effort prove to be a Trojan Horse for the invasion of the freedom of American schools—if it be the first step toward Government control of education. It has been realized that this impression will get abroad, and officials in the Office of Education have made the concession that no uniform plan will be attempted—this is an effort "to avoid the cry of Government domination." If the measure is found to be unavoidable, a further limitation ought to be written in—that this Government subsidy is definitely and irrevocably confined to the period of the war emergency as it effects education. Without such restriction, a further and most practical step will have been taken toward completely state-dominated schools. Such regimentation, it strikes us, is a thing we do not like in certain other nations. It might be good for the Office of Education, and official Washington, in general, to ponder Saint Paul's caution about becoming a castaway while preaching to others.

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JUST at the present time, India is the world's greatest enigma. Any pronouncement as to what developments may result from the forward march of Japan, from the overtures made by Sir Stafford Cripps, from the fraternal gestures offered by Chiang Kai-shek, remains a mere pronouncement; one guess is as good as another. Above all would it be welcome for those who wish to appraise the Indian situation, to know how positively we are warranted in asserting that no power whatsoever, except the power of the British rule, can keep the Hindus and Moslems from flying at one another's throats. Mere Indian patriotism may be insufficient to achieve such an end. But there are ideas afloat in the Orient more potent even than Indian patriotism. Where mutual positive interests fail to make people or nations coalesce, the result is often attained by their combination against a third party. The mysticism of a new Orient, freed from the white man's domination, may achieve results that the wizardry of Gandhi himself was unable to accomplish. Beyond the Himalayas, Moslem and non-Moslem succeeded in laying aside their differences under the influence of steady Communist propaganda. The old hatreds may be incurable, but yet maybe they are not. This is the day of the unpredictable, and least predictable of all is the future of this great world region, once it understands it must definitely settle its own destiny.

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TRY as we may, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the imminent restriction on pleasure-driving threatens in any way either the foundations of the Republic or the happiness of our people. In many respects, the automobile has been a blessing, but not an unmixed blessing by any standard of

judgment. Were we inclined this somnolent morning in March, when the soft breath of Spring is perceptible even in the canyons of Manhattan, to be solemn and cosmic, as befits a serious Review, we might point out that the automobile has brought temptations to young people which the horse-and-buggy age was largely spared. Not being so inclined, we content ourselves with reflecting that in other less serious ways the automobile has failed to promote the general welfare. Is it not true that many a family has set out on Sunday morning in search of pleasure and relaxation, only to return at sundown tired and irritable and grateful to be safely home? Looking back, we can all remember times when tires blew out, or motors balked, or tanks supposedly full of gasoline went unaccountably dry. And think, too, of the family squabbles over tours and detours, the incessant debate between back and front seat drivers, the blatant billboards that affronted the eye, the stench of burnt gasoline that afflicted the nose! But, alas, since memory has a trick of gilding the past, of forgetting the dust, the ants that crawled in the picnic-salad and the scatter-brained drivers who menaced life and limb, most of us will probably face the curbs on pleasure-driving with all the heroic resignation of martyrdom.

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WITH elections coming up this autumn, signs are abundant that Congress is becoming acutely sensitive to criticism from constituents back home. Since some of this criticism is directed by a heavily-taxed people to extravagance at Washington, it is easy to understand the growing solicitude on Capitol Hill for economies in the non-defense activities of Federal bureaus. Although this trend ought to be encouraged, there exists some danger that the newly-discovered zeal for economy may overstep the bounds of prudence. The action of the House last week in slashing the appropriation for the Farm Security Administration would seem to be a case in point. As our readers know, the FSA was established by Congress in 1937 to deal with the critical problem of rural poverty and distress. In performing this necessary function, the FSA has made a sound and, on the whole, efficient contribution to the national welfare. Much, however, remains to be done. As the Tolan Committee investigating defense migration has pointed out, the necessity for continuing assistance to low-income farm families is as critical now as it was before the wave of war-prosperity engulfed the country, since this prosperity has failed to benefit these families, and in many cases has left them worse off than before. For this reason, the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Morgenthau, while recommending a re-examination of agricultural expenditures, expressly excepted "the bulk of activities undertaken by the Farm Security Administration." This position is as sound as it is far-sighted. The FSA can and should practise some economies, but Congress should not cut so deeply into its funds as to interfere with the rehabilitation of our critically depressed agricultural classes.

THE War. A draft lottery, affecting 9,000,000 men between the ages of twenty and forty-four, was held in Washington. . . . A bill to create a volunteer Women's Army Auxiliary Corps of 150,000 passed the House. . . . Another measure to register all women between the ages of eighteen and sixty-five was introduced into the House. . . . President Roosevelt asked Congress for seventeen-and-one-half billion dollars, half of the sum for the air force. This would bring the number of Army planes appropriated for up to 124,500. . . . Announcement was made that publication of casualty lists will be permitted in local districts, but not on a national scale. . . . The stepping up of plane production by fifty per cent was revealed by Donald M. Nelson, WPB chairman. . . . Territory in Idaho, Montana, Nevada and Utah was added to the areas already forbidden to certain alien classes. . . . Enemy submarines sank fourteen merchant vessels off the Atlantic coast and in the Caribbean area. One of the ships destroyed belonged to Uruguay, another to Chile. Uruguay seized an interned German vessel in retaliation. . . . Secretary Knox ordered ships along the Atlantic coast to use guarded sea lanes, and enter harbors at night or proceed with all lights out. . . . Enemy underseas craft sank a ship off Canada. . . . Since the end of December, large convoys of American troopships, guarded by the United States Navy, have been arriving in Australia. . . . After holding the Japanese at bay on the Island of Luzon for three months and ten days, General Douglas MacArthur was appointed Supreme Commander of the United Nations' forces in the Southwest Pacific. Accompanied by his wife, son and several staff officers, he flew from the Philippines to Australia to take over the high command. Lieut. General Jonathan M. Wainwright assumed charge in the Philippines. . . . In the Battle of the Java Sea, between February 27 and March 1, the Allies lost twelve warships. American ships destroyed were the cruiser *Houston*, the destroyer *Pope*. Seven Japanese ships were believed sunk or damaged. . . . United States and Australian flyers sank or damaged twenty-three Japanese ships in New Guinea bases, twelve of the enemy vessels being warships. . . . The United States submarine *Shark* was lost; the submarine *Sea Lion* and the destroyer *Steward* were demolished to keep them from the enemy. . . . An American submarine sank an enemy freighter in Japanese waters. A Nipponese tanker was destroyed in the Philippine sector. . . . In the Australian area, American army planes inflicted heavy damage on enemy airdromes in New Guinea, destroyed in various encounters ten Japanese planes, with the loss of only one United States airship. . . . Lieutenant-General Joseph W. Stilwell, recently sent from the United States to China on a military mission, was put in command of the two Chinese armies in Burma at the request of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. . . . President Roosevelt issued orders for the registration on April 27 of all men between the ages of forty-five and sixty-four inclusive. . . . General MacArthur's plans for conduct of the war in the whole Southwest Pacific are already in operation, an announcement revealed.

THOUSANDS of Catholic boys and girls on the grade and high-school level in public schools are being organized in defense clubs by the Mission Helpers of the Sacred Heart, of Baltimore, who specialize in religious instruction of Catholic public-school children. The club aims to enlist the strong motivation provided by the present war in teaching these boys and girls to understand and appreciate true citizenship and its doctrinal foundation and to make active efforts to live what they learn.

AGRICULTURE, observed Archbishop Mannix of Melbourne, Australia, was the only industry in the Garden of Eden. The Archbishop was speaking at the final conference of the National Catholic Rural Movement Convention, held January 28 to February 1, at that city. The Australian rural movement is undaunted by the threat of war and in the words of its own resolutions "seeks nothing less than the achievement of the Christian revolution" and regards "basically the problem of the land as a spiritual problem." In this country, the *Catholic Rural Life Bulletin*, for the four years of its existence has been a beacon light in the rural-life movement. It appears now under a new title *Land and Home*. In the words of its editor, the Rt. Rev. Luigi G. Ligutti: "It is intellectual agrarian sunshine stored in a small container but oh! how precious a sermon in a kernel." *Land and Home* is now published at 3801 Grand Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

IF anyone entertained the idea that Catholic laymen are wary about joining a movement that is not on the popular side, he would have been agreeably disillusioned at the sight of the pre-Saint Patrick's Day appearance, on March 15, of the recently formed Irish-American Committee on Interracial Justice. Members of the committee, made up of distinguished New Yorkers of the Irish race, took part in a Communion Mass and breakfast with Negro Catholic business and professional men of the same city, and their friends. Said the Hon. John P. O'Brien, former Mayor of New York: "Such a movement is bound to succeed, because it is right. The only fault to find in it is that it was not started thirty-five or forty years ago." Chairman of the committee is the Hon. Joseph T. Ryan, Chief Justice of the City Court of New York.

WARNINGS are issued by *Federation Forum*, bulletin of the National Federation of Catholic College Students, against cooperation with the International Student Service of the United States. Says the *Forum*:

The I.S.S. of U. S. is the American Office of an international organization having headquarters in Geneva, Switzerland, and similar cooperating committees in other countries.

The international organization was never particularly objectionable and from its very beginning Catholics and Catholic youth groups cooperated with I.S.S. In the United States, however, the I.S.S. has never enjoyed a clean bill of health. It has always been under the direction of a left-wing leadership.

Under these conditions there seems to be no sound basis of cooperation for Catholic student youth leaders.

RAPID has been the growth in attendance, importance and interest of the conventions of the Catholic Committee of the South. The general theme of this year's Convention will be "A Christian Family Life—The Bulwark of the South and of the Nation." The convention will be held in Richmond, Virginia, April 26-28. A feature of the convention will be the conferring of the C.C.S. annual award, which Mother Katharine Drexel, Foundress of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, will receive for her work in Christian education among the colored people of the South. The Committee is an effort on the part of Catholic Southerners toward religious, social and economic education and advancement of the South. Departments function in five fields: rural, economic, labor and industry, racial relations, youth and education.

ACCORDING to Religious News Service, more church property is being taxed by the authorities of the District of Columbia. The attitude is taken that religious institutions as such "enjoy no inherent exemption from taxation and their property is taxable except so far as it is specifically exempted by statutory enactment. To prove exemption, we would have to find that general subjects of education were being taught and not such subjects as are taught to a small number of persons who are seeking instruction along a very narrow and limited line." Among the properties returned to the tax rolls are those of Holy Cross Academy, Holy Redeemer College, the Franciscan Fathers of the State of Illinois, Pallottine Missionary Sisters, Villanova College, Sisters of St. Joseph of Wheeling, Clerics of St. Viator, the Marian Fathers, the Bengal and the Holy Cross Foreign Mission Societies.

ALTARS, vestments, fabrics, etc., of unusual design were shown last June at an exhibition of religious art held at the Ecole du Meuble, in Montreal. An idea of some of this work is afforded by photographs in the February, 1942, issue of the quarterly, *Liturgical Arts*. This exhibition was conceived and all exhibits executed from designs by the Rev. M. A. Couturier, O.P., of the Franco-Canadian Scientific Institute, and Jean-Marie Gauvreau, director of the school. What may not be grasped by the casual observer of these designs—and if ultra-conservative, probably a critic—is the extent to which this work is spontaneously thought out and carried out by young men who are no sophisticated seekers for the "different" and the "effective," but simply young lads straight from their Quebec farms. These young men plan their furniture, sacred or profane, directly for the purpose each piece has in view. If you do not like what they have done in this instance, they will try their hand at another. But they prefer straight routes to their goal.

EVERY Tuesday night, in St. Margaret's Church, Mahoningtown, Pa., Rev. M. P. Hinnebusch, pastor, prayers are said for victory, peace, men in service. In the form of a neat ten-cent booklet, *Pray With Us*, these prayers are sent to each parish boy in service, asking him to "pray with us."

JAPAN SPREADS FAR AND FAST, BUT THERE LIES HER WEAKNESS

PETER PAUL COSGROVE

THE strategy of the Japanese in their Pacific campaign has always been quite obvious. It is in contrast to the tactical pattern of Hitler in Europe, which is often uncertain and highly unpredictable. It is this obvious strategy of the Japanese which gives the Allied Nations many clues as to their method of defense and counter-offense.

Japan's strategy, as has been noted frequently by commentators, proceeds from one great fundamental position. For the Empire of the Rising Sun, this war is an "everything or nothing" gamble. It is a gamble against Allied power, which is (at least potentially) highly superior. It is a gamble in particular against the number one Japanese bogey—the United States Fleet. It is a gamble the outcome of which will be decided to a great extent by the vital factor of time. The energetic little Japanese are racing against time like men racing to close the breaches in a dike.

Look closely at a good map of the Pacific area, and you will see that Japan's explosive strategy, her prodigious assault on several fronts simultaneously, must have (from the naval standpoint) one supreme objective—to seize control of all the Straits leading into Oriental waters (Balintang, San Bernardino, Malacca, Macassar, Torres, and some others); to seize the great air-bases in those regions, from which Allied planes could spring to the counter-attack; to capture the three great naval-bases (Cavite, Singapore, Surabaya) from which Allied ships could steam to pour the fire of their big guns on oncoming Japanese convoys.

Japan has thus far been immensely successful in her grand strategy. She has blown open most of the marine gates leading to the Indian Ocean, broad highway to India and to Suez, where she hopes to join lines with the Nazis. She dominates Java, and controls three of the four great Straits through the Indies into the Indian Ocean—Malacca, Sunda and Lombok. Now she can extend her operations with the greatest energy against the islands of the South Seas which straddle, or lie near to, American supply-lines to Australia and to India. The Fiji Islands, and even remote Tutuila (American Samoa) with its immense harbor and its refueling facilities for planes and ships, may be the scene of desperate land, sea and air fighting. For the Japanese realize that their area of conquest must spread. For many reasons, they cannot afford to stand still and consolidate their positions. They must keep the Allies on the defensive, or else lose the war.

Such is the Japanese strategy, a strategy born of circumstances. Cripple the United States Fleet. Grab our Far Eastern springboard—the base at Cavite, P. I. Put the pincers on Singapore, after breaking down Singapore's first line of defense, Hong Kong. Close the comparatively narrow entrances to Oriental waters, and go after the doughty Dutch Fleet, based principally at Surabaya. Then swing through the Indian Ocean and shake hands, none too confidently, with the fellow-gangsters in Europe.

What was the one great uncertainty in this strategy? *Time*. Time to spread out, to block the Straits leading to East Indian waters. Time to achieve a lightning victory, before the giant of the West could stretch to his full stature and stride mightily across the Pacific. It was a daring strategy, and a strategy in keeping with Japanese character. Japan loves the offensive. She is great at team-play. She has supreme confidence in her own abilities.

So she spread out in a huge fan to the South, sparing no resources, keeping comparatively few reserves at home. For protection against direct assault from the east, she relied on several powerful protective screens—the mandated islands of the Pacific. For protection against assault from the north and west, she relied on treaties with Soviet Russia, even while she built air-bases on Sakhalin Island and double-tracked her railroads in Manchukuo.

If that has been the secret of Japan's offensive greatness and her cyclonic advances, it is also the source of her vulnerability. Because she has spread out over incredibly vast distances, she has created a thousand fronts which she must defend. Let no one minimize her strength. But remember at the same time that she is living on capital. She has perhaps one million reserves left, perhaps somewhat more. But she is under the same fatal sentence that is given to all those who scatter their strength.

As the Allies know, and as Japan knows, there are seven great keys to Japan, seven great avenues along which might be speeded the home-thrust at the heart of Japan which will decisively win the war. Six of these seven keys are available, precisely because of Japan's strategy of spread out and win quickly.

The first possible counter-offensive would be one which would proceed southeast from Russia's maritime provinces, especially from Vladivostok.

The second would consist chiefly in aerial attacks from planes based in Free China.

The third would aim to cut the Japanese lines in northern Indo-China, and would proceed from central Burma.

The fourth would be a comparatively short thrust at Japan from the northeast—the Aleutian Islands—either along the chain of islands from Dutch Harbor, or directly from Dutch Harbor, the formidable United States base near the Alaskan mainland.

The fifth and sixth keys to Japan would consist in attacks launched from Pearl Harbor westward, either through or around the Japanese mandated islands (Marianas, Carolines, Marshalls).

The seventh key would be an attack launched northward from Australia.

Of the first six keys, perhaps only four deserve major attention. In any one or in a combination of all of these, success for the Allies seems quite possible. Needless to add, the counter-offensive would be long, herculean in effort, and costly in lives and machines and ships. It would not be feasible for many months yet, for it would require concentration of Allied power in one or a few bases, processing of coordinated plans, and step-by-step advances. But the counter-offensive is perfectly practicable, chiefly because of the strategy of rapid advance and many fronts to which Japan's warrior chieftains destined that nation. Any Allied counter-offensive will derive immense advantage from Allied position and Allied power to dictate to Japan the arena of combat.

Granted the dimension of time, an Allied counter-offensive would be able to level at Japan at any one of seven major sectors where the defending forces would be inferior. Japan must now defend a full circle. The United Nations, within a period of several months, should be able to draw their forces together like a fist, and smash the circle at a given point, to penetrate to the Japanese main island of Honshu itself.

This sounds, no doubt, too facile. We know all too well that the Japanese are intrepid fighters. We know that their homeland is sacred to them. Shintoism is not only the cult of the gods, but it is also the cult of every square foot of the soil of Japan. Notwithstanding those difficulties, the laws of war seem to point to a successful Allied invasion of Japan.

The possibility of a counter-offensive launched from East Siberia is most attractive. As is well known, bombing-planes would have no difficulty in making the journey from an inland field to Tokyo or Yokohama and back, given adequate support from reconnaissance and fighter planes. It is true that the U.S.S.R., although joining in the Twenty-six Nations agreement of January 1, 1942, did not pledge herself to attack Japan. Yet, the history of Japanese-Russian relations, and the preparations for combat being made at the moment by both nations, give some grounds for believing that the "bear that walks like a man" will strike out at Japan. Years ago, Russia began double-tracking her rail-link to East Siberia, increased her naval forces at Vladivostok, built numerous munitions factories

in the maritime provinces. Russia has a prudent respect for Japan's power, but she can surely take care of herself in any fight in that area.

Similar to an attack from East Siberia would be an attack from bases in the Aleutian Islands. As Japanese Intelligence officers well know, Dutch Harbor is not only a whaling port. It is intended to be a naval base designed for the present troubles. It can serve as springboard for an amphibian, step-by-step advance against the heart of the Japanese Empire. Adverse weather conditions would be a grave difficulty for the expeditionary force, as Japan knows. Furthermore, we would need one or more bases in Russian territory north of the Kurile Islands, if our counter-offensive were to be successful. Counting on these hitches, Japanese staff officers have thought of an American expeditionary force chiefly in terms of Pearl Harbor.

Pearl Harbor has always been the center of United States plans for any Pacific troubles. With the loss of Wake and Guam and Cavite, Pearl Harbor has lost some of its offensive usefulness. Yet, it still remains probably the greatest single springboard for the Allies. In addition, of course, it is a vital link of the supply-chain to the Orient.

As the Japanese continue to envelop the South Seas, American war plans as laid out for a score of years begin to assume renewed timeliness. Those plans, as we learned in many a newsreel in the past years, were spun from two great centers—Alaska and Oahu.

Knowing all this, Japan has pinned her hopes to her mandated islands in Micronesia, fortified in defiance of the terms of the League agreement which sealed her control of them. An American land-sea force would be harassed constantly by planes based in the Marianas, the Carolines and the Marshalls. Channels between adjacent islands are mined. At the island of Truk, Japan has one of the best bases in the Pacific. Notwithstanding, the highly successful raid by the United States Fleet unit on the Marshall and Gilbert Islands points the way to an eventual American advance by air and sea through Micronesia.

Two weak points in Japan's marine armor should be noted in closing. To support her wide-flung lines, she has what marine experts consider is an inadequate merchant marine, albeit one of the best in the world. According to the record, Japan has about 2,330 merchant ships, totalling about 5,600,000 tons. She is losing more shipping than are the Allies, so far as is known.

Again, though the Allies cannot take the offensive on a grand scale for many months yet, they can and are counter-attacking. This is especially hopeful from the naval standpoint. Even though losses on both sides were even, Japan's fleet would be whittled down in a 7:10 ratio. For the present, fleet American destroyers and the new cruisers of the *Atlanta*-class (with an announced 43-knot speed) should be able to harass Japanese convoys and fleet units with devastating results.

Yes, Japan has spread far and quickly. But we may hope that that very strategy will lead to her collapse.

EASTER WILL BE SAD FOR JUAN BOLOTOC

MARJORIE PRICE

JUAN BOLOTOC is traveling the *Via Dolorosa*, and his road is long, his burden heavy, his heart near to breaking, and dark indeed is the hour. But Juan Bolotoc stumbles on—

Juan is just one John Doe, of Pampanga Province, Philippine Islands. I knew him well, and I am wondering what Easter will mean to him.

Despite all the color and warmth experienced commentators can pour into the words, Smolensk and Mozhaisk, Johore and Halfaya Pass are merely names. They stir no vibrant memories, in my soul, at least.

But Lingayen, Manila, Cagayan, Pampanga, Cavite and Jolo—these are not just names. These are real places, lived in by people I have known, and my heart stirs with pride at the reported bravery of little brown-skinned Juan Bolotoc as he struggles so valiantly, although outnumbered ten to one at times, to defend his homeland.

Juan is a devout Catholic; so what of Easter, 1942, with the pagan flag of the Rising Sun shadowing his nipa shack, his rice paddies, his Holy Church? (Bombs, I hear, have already demolished his magnificent church in San Fernando.)

Christmas was a mockery for Juan, a travesty. He had shouldered his musket, and was fighting the Yellow Serpent at Lingayen, much too busy to celebrate the birthday of the Prince of Peace.

Juan was busy New Year's Day, too. But not in merry-making.

New Year's Eve I sat by my radio and listened to the story of "the fall of Manila," and I recalled another December 31, when I had danced on the terrace of the Manila Hotel. Even then we knew that the Japanese controlled the entire native fishing fleet in the harbor; but what of that? There was Corregidor, the impregnable, and besides, our "Fleet was in," and the ships played their searchlights across the smooth waters of the Bay, and whistles blew and firecrackers popped, and Juan and all his city cousins in the proud old town rejoiced. Sailors jammed the huge dance hall at Santa Anna (that too, has been bombed, I hear), and Filipino ballerinas danced and sang. Old Manila played host with lavish hand that night, and greeted the New Year with a smile.

But Juan Bolotoc did no dancing in Manila this New Year's Eve, and the town was a most unwilling host to its most unwelcome visitors from across the waters.

Now, what of Easter in the Islands?

I remember it as a gay and joyous time. I see long lines of brown-skinned, happy-faced Juans strolling along their *barrio* streets toward church. Juan, in his stiffly starched white trousers and

bright-colored *camisa*, that long-tailed shirt of bright striped pineapple cloth with its high, tight choker collar. It hangs outside his trousers, for Juan is not an *Ilustrado* who has gone to college. If he were, he might tuck his shirt-tail in, perch horn-rimmed glasses upon his nose, wear shoes, perhaps. But Juan is but a simple farmer in Pampanga Province and he goes bare-footed to church and his shirt tail flaps gaily in the breeze. Juan is proud of his *camisa*. Leonora, his nimble-fingered wife has so lovingly and cleverly embroidered trailing vines and gentle flowers across its sheer bosom. Juan's straight black hair is plastered down with gu-gu oil, and his one gold tooth (the original it replaced had been perfect, as are all of Juan's other dentures, but was cheerfully sacrificed for his yellow Seal of Success) gleams from between his smiling lips.

Beside him walks his Leonora, her heavy skirt draped artistically over her hips, panier-fashion, and the long dark length of it trailing unhygienically in the dirt. Sand-colored fine *pina* cloth makes her shirtwaist, with its stiff full sleeves that stand up high about her ears like a gaudy butterfly's wings. Her hair, when loosened, falls below the turn of her knee, but today is piled high in pompadour and buns, with a feather stuck here, or ribbon or fresh flower there. She plants her bare feet down a bit splay-footed, but her stride is graceful, with her hips swung well forward, and her head high, her back straight, her balance perfected from the constant carrying of baskets and bundles upon her head.

Behind Juan and Leonora come lots of little Juans: Anastacio, Angelica, Felice, docile mild-mannered children, for even babies here are seldom noisy or querulous. Filipinos on the whole are a quiet, enduring folk, little given to noisy disturbances. But they surely have surprised the Mikado's men by not running off at the sound of big guns.

Yes, I have seen Juan and Leonora walking along thus happily to church on many an Easter morning.

But my radio has told me: "In Luzon enemy planes flew low, machine-gunning natives on their way to church—"

Great is the rejoicing on Easter Day, when Juan and Leonora and all their kith and kin assemble and make fiesta.

But I doubt if the conquering war-lords of Pampanga Province will allow Juan any Easter fiesta in 1942. Christ will not rise in Pampanga on Easter morn, except in Juan's secret staunch heart, but He will rise there!

Yes, Juan is suffering and enduring much as the Yellow Serpent writhes across his rice paddies and through the avenues of his tiny barrios that stand under the protecting shadow of Mount Arayat in the centre of Luzon.

Juan loves that imposing mountain.

"See," he told me once, "when the Floods of the Bible came, the Ark of the Lord found resting place on our mountain." And true enough, the top of Mount Arayat is chiseled out in exact shape to accommodate the keel of a big boat.

Juan is really a splendid little man, a conscientious farmer, as industrious as the climate will permit, thrifty and sober, content with little, long-suffering and uncomplaining. He is especially clever with his hands, apt at all kinds of manual arts, makes a fine carpenter, handles his tools lovingly and deftly. Since he has learned to write, his penmanship is strikingly beautiful and puts to shame the usual scrawl of his *Americano* brother. And he loves to tinker with machinery.

Juan does not travel much, is quite a homebody. Why travel? If he should go twenty or thirty kilometres from his *barrio* he would not be able to make himself understood. There are dozens of Filipino dialects, and a native of Bulacan or Pangasinan would find himself a "foreigner" as far as language goes should he venture as far afield as Pampanga or Cagayan province.

I read in the papers that "the Filipinos have been summarily dispossessed of their means of transportation." So, I gather, the Japanese have seized *carabao* carts and *alesa* ponies, for cars are still extremely scarce and a great novelty in Juan's *barrio*.

It grieves me to hear that "native Filipino farmers have been evicted from their homes and formed into labor groups." Poor Juan loved his tiny nipa-thatched shack, standing high on its bamboo stilts, with his pig and goat, and maybe a turkey or two roosting in the shade beneath. Leonora kept the tiny house with its floor of split bamboo and walls and ceiling of *suwallé* clean and neat. And the wide, shell-paned windows let in soft light and kept out the beating torrential rains.

My radio brings constant reports of "the bravery of the Filipino soldier, fighting shoulder to shoulder with the American troops." Somehow I do not need those assurances. I remember so vividly how a young Filipino private, himself not much bigger than my own ten-year-old boy, one day put himself and his horse unhesitatingly and dangerously between my two children and an infuriated, charging *carabao* met on a wild trail in the Cavalry Woods, near Clark Field. And I also recall a remark a Macabeebe sergeant made at his "retirement party." "Well, General," the grizzled veteran said, "I have always tried to be a good man, and a good soldier, and I regret that I am now too old to have thirteen more children and serve thirty more years in the Army."

Juan Bolotoc may be suffering now along his *Via Dolorosa*, his load may be heavy, his torture intense as his homeland is scourged with the lashing tail of the Yellow Serpent, but I know that Juan can endure much, that his heart is stout, and that he will keep faith, and some Easter morn, he and Leonora will once again walk happily along to church.

For Juan is a member of the only Catholic nation in the Orient and has learned the meaning of suffering. His stoutness of heart is not an accidental product of Juan's climate and soil. It is inbred by centuries of truly Christian culture; so he and his nation are grateful enough to remember that there was a Good Friday before the first of all Easters.

SCIENCE REVEALS MECHANISMS OF GOD

ORLANDO A. BATTISTA

THE great Catholic convert, G. K. Chesterton, once wrote that "among all the strange things that men have forgotten, the most universal lapse of memory is that by which they have forgotten that they are living on a star." How many of us ever think now and then about the tiny and relatively insignificant planet Earth on which we live and die, amid the colossal immensities of the boundless universe?

One of the best spiritual tonics that I know of is to face a few of the bare facts of science available to us. Science is knowledge that has been and is being accumulated by human beings in an effort to satisfy their natural curiosities about phenomena which play an important part in their lives. Despite the tremendous amount of information that has been compiled through the decades, anyone familiar with the facts will concede that we have only scratched the surface of the reservoir of knowledge that still lies beyond, far beyond, the grasp of the combined intellectual and experimental facilities of human genius.

Each scientific discovery serves as the key to unlock the door to a new and exhaustless realm of fascinating and intriguing knowledge. If we trace the history of physical laws, of electricity, of the airplane, the radio, wireless, the plastics, the synthetic fibers, or any of our advanced offspring of modern science, from their very humble beginnings through to their present threshold of development, what do we find? We find that, marvelous as these developments have been, all these avenues of progress still hold the most unimaginable potentialities for the future. We learn from the history of science and a familiarity with the obstacles that confront modern scientists, that the word "complete" has no literal significance as applied to scientific development but that progress should be conservatively expressed by degrees of completeness.

To me as a Catholic the revelations of science merely supplement the far more comprehensive revelations of Faith. They present tangible glimpses of the boundless paradise which our Creator has stored away for those who sincerely follow His stipulated way of life. The relatively few facts that we have learned about the laws of the universe without exception stimulate and confirm my unequivocal faith in God, the omnipotent and all-merciful Creator of the universe and its watchful Sustainer.

For example, let us ponder the fact that here we are, and here we have been, millions of us, seemingly isolated on the planet Earth which is floating like a single dust particle in the sun's rays along a mathematically charted route at a terrific speed.

The sun is about 93,000,000 miles away and yet when we look at it we see light that left it just about eight minutes before. We know this to be true, because light, which is one of the frailest entities known to man, is traveling toward us from the sun at the phenomenal rate of 186,000 miles per second. Maybe these figures seem enormous to you, but can you even attempt to picture in your mind how far out there in the blue sky are the stars from which scientists have calculated light started on its journey toward the earth some hundred thousand years ago, and has not reached us yet?

How many of us in our hustle and bustle from day to day ever think of the fact that every living thing on this earth would be completely destroyed, either by the most extreme cold that would make arctic temperatures seem like a hot summer day, or the most extreme heat that would be at least something like the temperature of Satan's favorite chair, if he has one, if God permitted the sun to pour down on us just a little bit less or a little bit more of the energy it now sends us twenty-four hours of every day? Just because the clouds on a dull day hide the sun from our sight, we must not forget that the sun is still there. And we should thank God that it still is there because if it were not there, we would not be here.

We are told, too, by scientists who should know that way out there in the universe there are bodies of matter so huge that they could absorb our entire planet Earth in much the same way as the ocean absorbs a drop of rainwater. And every now and then one of the huge bodies of matter that seem to be traveling as though they were in a terrific hurry, explodes with the evolution of a tremendous amount of heat. Very recently some scientists made an interesting calculation which, when they examined the result, must have jolted them out of their seats, or at least made beads of sweat grow on their brows. Their figures showed that if the sun decided to explode into a supernovae, the heat generated would be so tremendous, that despite the fact the sun was a good many millions of miles away, every human being on this planet, every mountain, and every drop of water in the oceans, every grain of sand, the world as we know it in its entirety would burst into a rocket of gas within a fraction of a minute!

No doubt all of us at some time or other, whether we are the romantic type or not, must have gazed at the stars on a clear night. With our adequate but very weak eyes, we may have seen at the most a few thousand different stars, but astronomers tell us that, relatively, we are hardly seeing any of them because there are actually millions and millions of them that show up only when a powerful telescope peers at them. And remember our earth is something like a pebble beside the Empire State Building when compared with most of the heavenly bodies.

Now let us examine a few of the scientific revelations about things that are closer to us. It takes a good clock a bit over thirty years to tick one billion seconds, and yet we know with surprising

accuracy that mother's favorite thimble when it is filled with what seems to be emptiness—a gas, contains over thirty billion tiny particles called molecules. And furthermore we know with equal accuracy that these billions of tiny molecules are traveling at thousands of feet per second, colliding with each other so often and so fast that we think we see absolutely nothing.

And doesn't air seem to be one of the lightest things we know? But there is so much of it around us and above us that its weight exerts a pressure of about fifteen pounds per square inch on everything. In fact, quite a few decades ago a man by the name of Pascal calculated that the whole mass of air that surrounds our globe weighs 8,983,889,-440,000,000,000 French pounds. This figure not only tells us that air is heavier than we think when we have enough of it but it also strains our knowledge of arithmetic.

Do you know that there are rays called Cosmic Rays reaching the earth so powerful that they can go right through as much as eighteen feet of solid lead metal?

Of course, all matter seems to be tied up in some way with that something, about which we know practically nothing, called electricity or its manifestations. The next time you pick up a glass of water, or an ice-cube with a pair of tongs just think of the fact that physicists have calculated that there is enough energy locked in those atoms to drive a battleship back and forth across the oceans. You'll feel more powerful after you have downed the water.

I'll never forget the time I tried to explain to an old man, some years ago, just how the common radio works. How those little tubes would pick out the radio waves after they had traveled hundreds of miles, after they had passed through hundreds and hundreds of buildings, even through people, only to show up in the loud speaker unchanged and exactly as they were emitted. He just sat there startled, slowly shaking his head and repeating: "God is wonderful, God is wonderful."

Yes, we need only glimpse casually at an intricate incomprehensibility of the perfections of our own bodies to become taut, for example, at the realization that less than one two-thousandth of an ounce of a chemical called thyroxine is all that lies between the cleverest human being and blank imbecility. God is not only wonderful, but He is also so good and merciful and omnipotent and everlastingly solicitous.

Modern revelations should and must activate more and more men with a sincerity of faith that will stimulate them and live in them throughout their lives. We should more and more bend our knees and with penitent humility raise our heads to heaven to thank God for His incomprehensible goodness in giving us what we have and making us what we are. With all my heart I say, I believe in God; because the more I examine His handiwork and peek into the hidden wonders of the world He made so well and still keeps going, the more I realize that He is present and working in it all. Thanks be to God He is!

SHORTAGE IN SKILLED LABOR MAY LESSEN OUR WAR POWER

GERHARD HIRSCHFELD

THIRTY months of war have disposed of the hitherto common belief that wars in our time would be fought by small, highly-trained armies of professional soldiers. Our wars are *total* wars, and the *total* refers as much to all *man-power* as it does to all money and all machines and all ships and all railroads, all political parties and all of the population.

The vast number of mechanical means and weapons calls, of course, for a huge production effort in all the branches of our far-flung economic domain. This in turn means a big army of industrial man-power. And the two questions that arise are these: what kind of industrial man-power is wanted; and secondly, if we need millions of men on the battlefield, where are we going to find the additional millions needed on the home front?

Let us first scan the over-all labor needs of our industrial war machine. President Roosevelt estimates the cost of our war production for the fiscal year of 1942 (meaning the year that closes June 30, 1943) at \$53,000,000,000. The Bureau of Labor Statistics figures that a production effort of such magnitude will require the services of about 15,000,000 men in all war industries. At the end of 1941 we had about 5,000,000 men at work under defense contracts. By the time we roll into 1943 production, we must have found an additional 10,000,000 workers.

The estimates are somewhat lower when we consider that part of the labor force which will be required in the "direct" war industries, i.e., those industries which work directly on the supplies for the Army, the Navy and the air force. According to the Office of Price Administration, these industries employed at the beginning of this year about 4,000,000 workers. By next June their number should have risen to 6,000,000, and by the summer of 1943 to about 9,000,000. And here is the important thing to remember: of these 9,000,000 workers not more than twenty-five per cent may be unskilled.

Now as to the labor supply: today we have one massive labor body comprising about 55,000,000 persons. Some of these are in the armed forces; others are employed in farming, trade, industry, transportation and other economic branches.

Even today we probably have at least 5,000,000 unemployed. In addition, the conversion of the automobile and other industries has relieved and will relieve between 1,500,000 and 3,000,000 workers, many of them skilled.

A small labor reservoir is found in our prisons. In 1940 there were 192,000 prisoners of whom 83,000 made such things as automobile license plates. Today they make shells and gun parts.

Then there is the enormous pool of woman-power. Normally, about 8,000,000 women are gainfully employed. Thousands are already helping in war production and many more can undoubtedly be recruited. Hundreds of thousands of young people leave the schools every year and enter the labor market. Finally, of the thousands of men living in retirement, many are willing, and able, to return to their old jobs. This last group represents an exceptionally high degree of skill.

Obviously, we have an abundant supply of labor. But labor is not the problem our war industries are facing. The shortage is in *skilled* labor. And this leaves out at once the unemployed, most non-war occupations, practically all of the young, many of the old and a large number of women employees.

When we talk of skilled labor, the picture takes on a few dark hues. What we call "defense occupations," contain over 500 job categories. As far back as last July, there were no unemployed in one-fourth of these. Today, virtually all 500 categories are exhausted as concerns the unemployed. In other words, our supply of skilled workers has gone, with the exception of the men who have become available through the conversion of non-war industries, those that have come out of retirement and, finally, a number of women workers and the young people now receiving technical training.

Of our 1,200 vocational schools about 500 operated on a round-the-clock schedule even before Pearl Harbor. They are turning out capable workers. But teachers are scarce. And so pressing is the skilled-labor need in our tank and shell and plane factories that their managers, far from sending skilled workers to the schools to serve as instructors, draw away some of the teachers and put them to work in the factories at high wages. It slows up the work of vocational schools.

Skilled workers are scattered throughout the country. But they do not always get the job. Local politics and petty jealousies often interfere. The *Survey Graphic* (Feb., 1942) tells of a factory manufacturing bombers in Kansas City, Kans. It recruited workers from all over the State of Kansas for many miles around before allowing skilled workers from Kansas City, Mo., on the other side of the river to cross the bridge and apply for a job.

An employment office in the southern part of Indiana sought workers from all over the State when skilled labor was available but ten short miles away in Louisville, Ky. Yet it was this very proximity of skilled labor which had caused the planners in Washington to determine the location of this particular plant.

The rivalry between the A. F. of L. and the C.I.O. hardly helps. The instances in which loyal workers are hauled over considerable distances rather than give the rival organization a chance, are by no means isolated.

Of no small weight is the fact that thousands of skilled workers could be made available if they were in the right jobs. *Time* magazine (Jan. 5, 1942) tells of the town of Kokomo, Ind., with a population of about 33,000, where a census revealed that no less than forty per cent of its labor force could be used for skilled work. One man skilled in precision-grinding works as a shipping clerk. A die-maker runs a sewage plant. A drill-press operator wastes his talents as a janitor. A molder is a policeman.

Check up this census among your own friends and in your own community. You probably find a similar situation. Multiplying the experience all over the country, it seems hardly an exaggeration to say that there must be millions of skilled workers now working as bookkeepers, street cleaners, firemen, janitors, grocery clerks, traveling salesmen and what not. And they could be up-graded and fitted into the war effort.

The illusion that we have no labor shortage because we have so much man-power, may be classed with the popular belief that fifteen or eighteen men are required in defense work for every man in the field. As the Cleveland Trust company points out, there were at the end of the World War 2.23 American industrial war workers for each man in our armed forces; now there are 2.56, a gain of less than fifteen per cent.

And this is only logical. Look at the increase in machine efficiency since the last war: the National Industrial Conference Board is authority for the statement that the increase in machine efficiency and in the productivity of labor since then has more than doubled production per man-hour. In 1918 the index was 145; now it is about 330, or more than twice as high.

If our armies use many more tanks and planes; if our guns shoot a lot faster; if the machines of war are far more complicated; if we have to produce a great deal more—it is also true that we make things twice as fast. We do not need much more labor than we did twenty-five years ago. But we need a lot more skilled labor. For a field army of, say, 5,000,000 men, we might get along with an industrial army of perhaps 13,000,000. But of the 13,000,000, nearly 10,000,000 would have to be skilled.

Great Britain has by no means recruited all her man- or woman-power. There are still about 250,000 unemployed. Of course, they are not skilled. Last August, some 1,500,000 women were registered but only 650,000 were to be called for an interview. Of the older men, 600,000 were registered

but only 100,000 were selected for another appearance.

All this seems to indicate that labor needs are more specialized in war than in peace. And for a reason: in war time we omit many non-essential products. We concentrate on the implements of war, and within that field again on as few types and models as possible. Naturally, this calls for a highly selected labor force.

In the light of these trends, the German example is particularly interesting. Of all nations, Germany has most thoroughly prepared for war, has built the most powerful armies and farthest developed her industrial organization.

Although these preparations antedate Hitler's assumption of power by a dozen years, one would still expect that the outbreak of war had intensified the industrial effort. But this was not so. In the summer of 1939 Germany employed 24,460,000 workers; in January, 1941, only 22,670,000. Foreign workers have been imported, war prisoners pressed into service, men and women recruited, all of these totaling 2,950,000. But on the other hand, 3,740,000 German workers were mobilized, so that the economic system lost nearly 800,000 workers.

Knowing that the vital production effort rested with skilled labor, the German Government chose its measures accordingly. It lengthened the hours of the skilled worker from eight to ten and even twelve hours, giving them otherwise the best of care, of food and recreation. The names of all skilled workers serving with the armed forces are kept on the lists of the armament factories. As skilled men are released from the military, new men are called up for training. The panzer divisions, the tank corps, the air squadrons, the submarines and the battleships afford good opportunity for technical training and for improving skills.

The German High Command laid its plans so that no campaign should last more than four to six weeks. (That was before the Russian campaign.) For this period the skilled men are released from factory work to man the tanks, planes and guns. With the campaign concluded, the men are at once sent where they divide their time between skilled industrial work and a vacation with their families.

By this interchange of skilled labor between industry and the armed forces, Germany has solved a serious problem, thus making it possible for the Führer and his paladins to move at top speed, once at home on the factory front, and then again abroad on the battlefield.

We are facing a similar problem. Our supply of skilled labor, too, is comparatively small. Like every nation in this totalitarian war, we, too, are called upon to fight two battles, one in the factory, one in the field. We have not yet seriously thought of interchanging military with industrial service.

But one lesson we may profit by: we should not overemphasize our tremendous labor reservoir. We should narrow our attention to the small field from which we can draw the men that are skilled in operating the machines and industrial tools of which we have a far greater number and a far better variety than any of our enemies.

A LAW STANDS AGAINST THE BIRTH CONTROLLERS

JOHN A. TOOMEY

UNNATURAL birth control can thrive only where widespread religious decay has prepared the way. This fact was strikingly exemplified at the recent convention of the Birth Control Federation of America, now the National Federation for Planned Parenthood. The convention presented an awesome spectacle, if one should happen to recall that there is an Almighty God. Here were men and women, leaders in education, in medicine, in law, in various other walks of life, coolly proposing that the American people and the peoples of the entire world be trained to defy the Omnipotent Creator and to practise in their daily lives a thing which His Infinite Wisdom has forbidden. Here were little men and women, informing the Eternal Being that He did not know how to run the world He had made and the people He had made and that they would show Him how the thing could be done.

The Planned Parenthooders poured forth their quackery. The general note appeared to be that there is only one way to cure all the world's ills: a solemn law of God must be flaunted.

The shocking number of "illegal" abortions—ninety per cent among married women—must be reduced. How can it be done? By the suppression of selfishness? No, no. By no means. What a ridiculous approach to the problem! There is only one way, folks. The annual massacre of the unborn, forbidden by God, can be prevented only by a widespread violation of another of His commands.

Poverty? How can poverty be overcome? By a more equitable distribution of the world's goods? No, not that. There is a better method. A serious law of God must be broken, and in this manner poverty can be overcome.

War? How may war be blotted out? How may lasting peace be lured to the world? There is only one sure way, folks, only one. The American people must be taught how to break God's law; missionaries must be sent swarming over the world to instruct the ignorant masses everywhere how to defy the Almighty.

The convention made strikingly clear this fact: it is a case of the Birth Control Federation of America, now the National Federation for Planned Parenthood, vs. God. Either the Parenthooders or God is wrong. The Parenthooders talked very smoothly; but, somehow or other, this writer decided Almighty God and the Catholic Church must be right.

The conflict between the Almighty and the Birth Control Federation of America, now the National Federation for Planned Parenthood, involves a point of some importance. God, it appears, wants nature to take its course in the wake of marital relations. The Planned Parenthood people feel that God is a bit reactionary in this matter. They feel

that married folk should be permitted to get all the pleasure they can out of nature and then stop nature at that point, so that these folk will not be annoyed by nature's taking its course, a course that sometimes assumes the form of children.

The convention and its accompanying publicity make another thing quite clear—that the position of the Catholic Church on the birth-control question is very badly misunderstood. One speaker asserted that the only difference between the Church and Parenthooders is that the method of birth control permitted by the Church is not so reliable as the Parenthood method. Another orator declared that the Catholic people are divided on the question and counseled a Planned Parenthood strategy that would strive to widen that division.

Catholics are not divided. The position of the Catholic Church toward birth control is very easy to understand. There is not the slightest excuse for confusion about it. The Church condemns the unnatural birth-control advocated by the Planned Parenthood Federation as a grave violation of the law of God, which cannot be permitted in any circumstances or for any reason. In acting thus, the Church is merely promulgating the position of God in the matter. The Church cannot alter a law made by God. It can only explain and defend that law. Thus, the attacks of the Planned Parenthooders on the Catholic Church are in reality criticisms of God's Providence. The attackers seek to set up a Planned Parenthood providence over the world as a human improvement on the omniscient Providence of God.

The implication made by the Planners, that the Catholic Church is backing another form of birth control, which is not so reliable as theirs, is also completely misleading. The Church is not promoting any form of birth control, but merely promulgating another law of God, to wit, that periodic continence is not against nature.

Still another misconception of the Catholic position veers in the opposite direction. Because of her uncompromising opposition to unnatural birth-control, many people assume that the Church encourages indiscriminate propagation. The Church, these mistaken people believe, places an obligation on Catholic parents to have as many children as they can, without reference to health or economic questions or society at large. There is no such Catholic teaching. The Church declares that all human activity, including parenthood, must be governed by right reason. The Church does not assert that Catholic parents have an absolute right, under any and all circumstances, to have children.

The Catholic view of right reason, however, is not that of the materialistic Planner. The good Catholic parent, governed by the natural and supernatural vision of the Church, will lean in the direction of fecundity. But the fecundity will be a rational one. He will, in general, want to bring as many children into the world as circumstances of health and adequate upbringing will permit.

IS VICE NECESSARY?

LAST week the Federal Council of Churches adopted a resolution calling on Congress and the President to protect our armed forces from alcohol and commercialized vice. We are glad to know that this important group of citizens has taken up a policy which this Review has advocated for months. We hope that their success will be greater than our own, for our efforts ended in complete failure. It seems to us that the Government is not in the least interested in protecting our young men from commercialized vice. It is deeply interested, however, in making vice sanitary.

If this criticism seems unwarranted, evidence that it is not can be found in a dozen pamphlets circulated among the Forces. "Imagine if you can," writes one author, "an army of impotent men! This very sexual drive is amplified because of fresh air, good food, and exercise, and exaggerated by the salacious barracks talk. It cannot be sublimated by hard work, or the soft whinings of victorian minds. How important this libido was considered historically can be gathered from the words of Gian Maria, Duke of Milan, who after his defeat, stated: 'My men had ceased to speak of women, I knew I was beaten.' The Mongol hordes who conquered all Asia and most of Europe, recognized this fact too. 'He who is not virile is not a soldier. He who lacks vitality is timid, and what rabbit ever slew a wolf?' If we bear in mind that our armed forces are sexually aggressive, that they must be if they are going to be good soldiers and sailors, an important part of our problem is solved."

The author of these sentiments is Joel T. Boone, M.D., captain in the Medical Corps of our Navy. If Captain Boone speaks for the rest of his medical brethren in the service, it is plain that the Federal Council of Churches will hit the wall against which we dashed. It will be informed that since vice is inevitable nothing is left to the Government but to make vice physically safe.

It is regrettable that Captain Boone has no sympathy with the plan of putting suspected premises out of bounds. "It is not for us to steam into ports," he writes, "and dictate to the local authorities how they must conduct the back streets of their cities." This is hardly a fair statement of the problem. No local authority need be subjected to dictation, since the military and, presumably, the naval, authorities are authorized to declare such districts out of bounds, and to punish offenders.

Captain Boone represents an evil tradition which, unfortunately, still has its supporters. Law certainly cannot do away with all moral evils, but it can prevent evil from flaunting itself in public, and this every well-ordered community is obliged to do. Are we going to instil into our soldiers the self-control and self-sacrifice necessary in every great endeavor, by teaching them that no frown will follow the desecration of some unfortunate woman, providing always that no physical disease results?

The Government answers that question with a shameless affirmative.

PURCHASING POWER

SOME students of government believe that higher taxes, distributed as widely as possible among all classes, are essential for the prevention of inflation. Much can be said for this view, but it does not seem probable that higher taxes alone will suffice. When production goes down and wages go up, a demand is created which forces prices up. We can look forward to steadily decreasing production, as our factories become munition plants. If plans now urged are successful, we can also look forward to higher wages for some groups of wage-earners.

As Paul Mallon recently wrote, the Treasury wants higher taxes or, at any rate, more revenue. Leon Henderson is still trying to get authority to put a ceiling over prices. The agricultural bloc wants all prices reduced, except the prices for farm products. The labor unions want all prices down, but all wages up. "You need not be an economist," he concluded, "to see that the situation is explosive."

Were all thought of partisan advantage put aside, the task of Congress would be easier. But the explosion certainly will not be averted if the "gimme" philosophy gains the day at Washington. The labor bloc is demanding higher wages, and insists upon an added fifty per cent for all over-time, and double-time for Sunday work. The unions represent some 10,000,000 wage-earners. Against them, we have civil-service employes, professional men, "white-collar" workers, some 30,000,000 in all, outside the unions. None of these can hope for higher wages. They face a decrease, since part of their limited incomes will be diverted to pay the increases demanded by the unions, should these be granted.

The fairest and safest plan would seem to require that the purchasing power of all be limited. This can be done, not readily, it must be admitted, just as a war cannot be readily won. Taxes are certain to increase, and the first line against inflation is assured. Let this be followed by a ceiling on wages as well as on prices, and a rationing system.

This plan will make no one rich, but it will probably save the greatest number from destitution. We now face the alternative of complete control by the Government, or complete ruin through inflation. The first may save us.

RED TAPE

EVERY American who realizes the crisis which we approach will hope that the resignation of Robert R. Guthrie from the War Production Board is not so serious as, at first sight, it seemed. Mr. Guthrie's letter to his chief, Donald Nelson, is well characterized by a Washington correspondent as "somewhat cryptic." Explanations by some of Mr. Guthrie's friends do not give us the key to the cipher.

Mr. Guthrie's grievance seems to turn upon certain representatives of industry in the War Production Board. These gentlemen apparently belong to the "dollar per year men" who, on more than one occasion since we began to prepare for war, have been the target for popular as well as for Congressional censure. Mr. Guthrie is at pains to write that not all these representatives are holding up production of war materials. It would appear—but it must be remembered that we are dealing with a "somewhat cryptic" communication—that most of them have cooperated with the Government wholeheartedly.

We offer the suggestion that Mr. Guthrie, as well as the industrialists whom he criticizes, are alike the victims of a system which is still bound and shackled by red tape. Washington has for years been the happy hunting-ground of the bureaucrat and the sciolist, and this war has not yet beaten them out of their familiar haunts. Board after board has been created, agency after agency has been established, many of them with overlapping functions, and few of them headed by men who realize that this country's most urgent and immediate job is not to propagate their pet theory of social or economic reform, but to strip for action. If we do not gird ourselves in an all-out defense of the country against enemies who long ago banned all red tape, there may soon be no country to reform.

Victory, with a peace founded upon justice and charity, is certainly within the power of the people of the United States. We have the men, the physical resources and manufacturing establishments that are unequalled in any country in the world. But these will avail us nothing unless they are immediately coordinated and used. Mr. Guthrie's resignation will serve us well if it stresses the need of this immediate coordination and use.

NO TRUCE WITH COMMUNISM

IT must be said to the credit of the American Federation of Labor that it has always kept itself free from any formal alliance with radical groups. A naive, not to say stupid, leadership, has occasionally betrayed it into some semblance of amity with Left-wing movements, but on the whole the Federation has held steadfastly to the policy inaugurated by the late Samuel Gompers through his life-long fight to prevent control of the labor union by the Socialists. Particularly worthy of credit has been the Federation's opposition to the admission of the "All Russian Council of Trade Unions" into the International Federation of Trade Unions. The A.F. of L. and its chief officials have held that since the so-called "unions" in Russia are wholly controlled by the Government, they are not in any real sense "free" unions. In this conclusion they are right. There is labor, enforced labor, in Russia, but no union labor, except in the sense that labor at Sing Sing or Alcatraz is union labor.

Within the last few months, however, a determined effort has been made to force recognition of the Soviet unions by the A.F. of L. Some of this effort has its origin in the United States, but most of it seems to come from Great Britain. According to a special article by W. H. Lawrence, published in the *New York Times* for March 16, leaders in the A.F. of L. are giving "favorable consideration" to a proposal made by Sir Walter Citrine, secretary of the British Trades Union Congress, that the A.F. of L. withdraw its opposition, on the ground that such action would help the war work "everywhere in the United Nations." The argument seems lacking in logic, and will not appeal, we believe, either to the A.F. of L. or to millions of Americans who are determined that this war shall not be utilized by Communists to spread Communism in this country.

It is hardly necessary to point out that no American is disposed to criticize the Russian armies for fighting Hitler, and if a tithe of the reports is correct, for fighting him with a considerable degree of success. Nor can there be any disposition to slow up the military aid to the Soviet armies which Congress has authorized as part of our war policy. But at the same time we must keep steadily in mind the simple and undeniable truth that every concept of constitutional government which we hold sacred has been ruthlessly set aside by the Soviet Government, not merely as a policy necessary for a time, but because that Government knows well that freedom and Sovietism cannot co-exist in the same country. Neither today, nor at any time since its rise in blood and crime, has the Soviet Government tolerated the right of workers to unite freely for their mutual benefit, or the right of men to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of conscience, or the right of the citizen to criticize the Government and to work by peaceful means for the reform of political, social, or economic abuses.

Neither the wage-earner, nor any American, has anything to gain by a collaboration with the Soviet

Government, or any of its works, closer than that which has been made necessary by the emergencies of this war. We are fighting for a way of life which is at variance in every essential with the brutality which the Soviet Government has forced upon its oppressed people. Whatever the Soviet Government is fighting for, we are fighting to keep our constitutional institutions intact. We believe that by maintaining the freedom which was won by our fathers, we can best help a world which will sorely need help after this war has been brought to an end. We shall not succeed in maintaining that freedom, if, incautiously, we permit the infiltration of an ideology which is at once anti-American and anti-Christian.

It will not do to contend that this war has made Communism practically harmless. Outstanding Communists in this country have made no secret of the fact that they now enjoy an even greater opportunity to secure a hearing for their subversive principles. These principles will be presented in many soothing guises, but they remain principles which cannot be accepted if the American form of government and the American way of life are to be maintained.

We are well aware that in not a few influential quarters, any criticism of the Soviet Government is considered at least the beginning of treason. But that is not our reading of American history, nor our understanding of the American people, nor our interpretation of the guarantees of the First Amendment. Whenever, in our reasoned opinion, some new attempt to popularize Communism in this country comes into view, we intend to attack it by every means within our power. That is the right of every American citizen under the Constitution, and his duty as a Christian.

HOUSING

IN a recent press conference the President outlined his plan for a kind of dormitory for the thousands of young women called to Washington for Government service. It is an elaborate plan, but while we profess no special knowledge of the young woman of today, we hardly think it will appeal to her. The average Young Person, it seems to us, wants a room to herself with all the usual accessories. But the President spoke of "cubicles," and from his description they were exactly that. "Cubicles" sounds too much like a prison cell to appeal to her.

But decent housing is necessary for Government workers in Washington, and in the cities congested by large munition works. Tents, trailers, crowded rooms, and rookeries are not decent housing. Tuberculosis is increasing rapidly in the United States, and largely because of bad housing conditions. The disease is not apt to show a decrease in the troubled days that lie ahead.

Incidentally, what have our cities done to prevent inflationary rentals? If these continue to soar, every American city will soon have its own serious housing problem.

HOSANNA AND THE CROSS

IN the Gospel for Palm Sunday (Saint Matthew, xxi, 1-9) we read that "most of the crowd" spread their cloaks upon the road as Our Lord entered the Holy City, while "others" cut branches from the trees and flung them before Him. It was a mixed group that had thronged out to meet Jesus. Some came to adore Him, some came merely in a spirit of curiosity to see this Man Who, according to report, had raised Lazarus from the dead, and some as hostile critics, still hoping to catch Him in some violation of the law. To these may be added a fourth class, made up of men who, because they believed nothing and hoped nothing, could always find a certain cynical amusement in anything that resembled religious enthusiasm.

Yet Our Blessed Lord loved all these people, good, bad and cynical. He loved them so dearly that within a very few days, He was going to lay down His life for them on Calvary. He had always loved them, because He knew that the sorest need of every human soul is a realization of God's love for it, and in our human way of speaking, we may even say that He loved the cynical most of all, because they of all that crowd most needed His love. To err is human, according to the old adage, but cynicism is almost a special kind of error, since it is rooted in a pride that makes men more like Satan himself than human beings. Nothing can bring the cynic to his senses, but the Hand of Christ that bears down upon him, not in wrath but in pitying love.

If Our Blessed Lord were to enter one of our great cities today, He would probably find in the crowd genuine descendants of those who went out to meet Him on that first Palm Sunday nineteen centuries ago. There would be those who loved Him and, like His Blessed Mother and the Beloved Disciple, would follow Him to Calvary, along with the holy women who never abandoned Him. Others would hold aloof in their self-attributed superiority, and many would cast their cloaks on the path before Him. But at the end of all this excitement, how many would keep company with Him through the hours of His Sacred Passion? How many would brave the wrath of the world, and watch with Him in the Garden, and try to solace Him on Calvary?

But the most pertinent question of all remains to be put. Very likely we would be found in the crowd that went out to greet Him. We might even strew the road before Him with palm branches. But would our Faith strengthen us to follow Him to the place of His crucifixion?

A pious aspiration can be a very empty prayer when it does not come from our hearts. In the moment of great trial we are ordinarily our real selves; cowards, if in the past we have accustomed ourselves to shun the Cross, and heroes, if in spite of many falls we have truly tried to follow Jesus on His sorrowful journey to Calvary. Lord Jesus Christ, teach us to walk with You in sunlight and in shadow, and at last to learn from You that only the love which joins us to You on Calvary will unite us with You forever in Heaven.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MEDIEVAL

HAROLD C. GARDINER

SUPPOSE you found yourself one day just standing in the middle of a long road, knowing neither where you had come from nor where you were. It would be rather difficult to know where you were going, would it not? And yet, the makers and planners of the bright future that is, they say, to emerge out of the present world chaos and confusion are not infrequently in a similar plight. Finding the world as it is in 1942, with but a sketchy idea of how it got there, of how its present condition emerged, it becomes an impossible task for them to map intelligently the direction it is to take.

Their efforts are often the most cogent proof in the world of the truth that was briefly touched upon in these columns a while ago (cf. *Classics and Chaos*, AMERICA, March 14). It is this truth—that you cannot unravel the tangled present, much less plan an intelligent social future, if you do not know the social past.

And, of course, one of the best ways of knowing the past is to know its literature. Ignorance of this gives rise at times to fantastic conceptions of the culture of the past; with that comes a distortion of history and the consequent emasculation of plans for the future which pretend to rest on an historical basis.

A beautiful example of this (beautiful in the sense in which a pathologist speaks of a beautiful specimen of cancer) was provided in the February 14 issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. The feature article for that week was "The Idea of Happiness," by Raoul de Roussy de Sales, and is part of a chapter of his new book, *The Making of Tomorrow*. Just what he is to make of tomorrow, I do not yet know, but if that making is not a more sensible job than his reconstruction of the past, his planning will spawn a monster.

His thesis in the article is that it was only in the eighteenth century, when the "concept of progress, such as we understand it today, became sufficiently clear to influence the course of history," that "men deliberately turned toward the future and expressed the faith that the condition of mankind could be improved by human means."

To establish this presumed fact, the author tells us what he thinks the Middle Ages had to say about this business of improving man's earthly condition. His account will leave his readers with the definite

and distorted impression, if they take his word for it (and they will, for, you see, he has written a book), that all the world in the Middle Ages was a sorry, lachrymose lot of "what's-the-use"-ers.

This defeatist attitude was due to the fact that our strange Western European forefathers were of the species "Theological Man." For them "the pursuit of happiness on this earth was neither conscious nor encouraged." This was because "men placed their hopes in a life hereafter." Hence, they were incapable of conceiving *any* happiness as possible here in this vale of tears. After all, "the dogma of Original Sin permeated all thinking. Man was born wicked and his only hope was for a better life after death." He did not expect "that life on this earth could be anything but miserable. To live was admittedly a punishment." They were a generation of men "to whom the notion that humanity as a whole could become *happier* on this earth through its own efforts, was still foreign."

Now, it really does not seem unreasonably captious to ask that if anyone writes about the Middle Ages, he be equipped with a fairly wide and deep knowledge of the period. Certainly we would expect this if an author were expatiating on the strategy of tiddledewinks or the raising of rabbits. But apparently history is of less importance.

If only the author, for example, had some familiarity with such a work as *The Vision of Piers Plowman*. No one can discourse authoritatively on the history of ideas and culture in the Middle Ages, without knowing this poem. Because it is more than a poem—it is the "quintessence of medieval preaching"; it is in "perfect accord with the most commonplace orthodox preaching of the times, indeed, a perfect echo in every respect of the Church's message to the world."

Here, then, was no voice crying in the wilderness; Langland's message was no preaching of a ragged-haired rebel, listened to by the "Theological Man" in bewildered and scandalized awe at its daring heresy. It was the same message he heard week after week from the pulpits, as modern interest in sermon remains is making abundantly clear, not only for England, but for the Continent as well.

And what is its message? By no means exclusively the hopeless groaning that "man's only hope was for a better life after death." Medieval "other-

"worldliness" is in the poem, of course, its eye and heart are fixed on the fair shore of Heaven—but the great and clamorous-tongued message of the poem is a social message, an impassioned plea for the righting of the temporal wrongs of the realm. These wrongs, injustice, oppression of the poor, discord and many another, can be righted if each of the three orders of society performs its proper functions well.

These three orders, in the medieval concept, were priesthood, knighthood and laborers. Each, in its own Divinely constituted sphere, had its definite duties, and in their zealous performance, society was to find its harmony and well being, was to give forth, as a thirteenth-century preacher puts it, the sweet melody of a well strung harp. Each order, and each man in it, "by doing his work faithfully, was serving a supreme common good"—and that common good was, yes, happiness hereafter, but also, very much also, the temporal welfare, the temporal progress, the temporal happiness of the community and of the men who were its members.

The medieval idea of the three orders of society may strike us nowadays as quaint, but the ideal there enshrined has never been even approximated in the political and social theories of a world since devoted to unadulterated progress. The medieval vision of the Christian commonwealth was "that of a battleline 'constipata et compensata,' in which no gap appears, but all stand shoulder to shoulder in a common love to God and to their fellows."

And this concept was not exclusively wrapped up in dreams of celestial happiness—it visioned happiness here, and not mere individual felicity only, but a corporate happiness, depending upon and attainable through the ordered, rational, corporate efforts of a society that had a duty to strive constantly to ameliorate its condition.

It is the conclusion of two French scholars, MM. Guérard and Delisle, from their study of the medieval sermons of their native land, that the voice of these preachers "was a continual appeal to the emancipation of the people," and this interest of the Church in the temporal welfare of the little folk has not by any means been confined to recent times and the social Encyclicals of the recent Popes. Why would the preachers of those far ages bother to preach improved human conditions, if "to live was admittedly a punishment"? We cannot forget that not only long-suffering, but joy, too, was, even for the medieval Church, one of the fruits of the Holy Ghost.

Space limitations prevent lengthy quotations from *Piers Plowman* or from the medieval preachers, but to prospective writers about the Middle Ages and to readers who have believed, or who have, perhaps, by this time been brought to believe that a knowledge of the past is a help to understanding the present, I recommend the reading of such a book as *Literature and Pulpit in Medieval England*, by G. R. Owst, particularly the chapter, "A Literary Echo of the Social Gospel."

So much, though rather sketchily, about the incontestable fact that even a superficial knowledge of the literature of the Middle Ages will give the

quietus to the impression that the people of the age were fervent Manichees, to whom life was but a punishment, a miserable affair to be dragged out in whinings and blubberings until death brought release into the only life that could possibly be at all happy, life in Heaven.

A further sane guide to the social and cultural ideas of the Middle Ages can be obtained by a study of medieval art. Here again, the same truth, though in more indirect fashion, is brought home. Glance through, for example, Emile Mâle's classic three volumes on religious art in the Middle Ages, and you will find that the idea of happiness was not a stranger to men's thoughts. If Heaven were the only happiness to the medieval mind, certainly in missals and books of hours of the time, books devoted to Heavenly things, we should expect to find illustrations of Heavenly happiness only.

But what do we see? Strange, whimsical, humorous marginal drawings and illuminations, depicting the hurly-burly and fun and joy of the times—scenes from animal life, scenes of village feasts, caricatures and even lampooning, all on the sacred pages. Speaking of these so human and appealing sidelights on the habits of the times, Mâle concludes: "joy shines through everywhere—Christianity of the Middle Ages took human nature to itself in all its entirety . . . profound faith gave to those ages gaiety and the serenity of infancy." And he reminds us that Dante, who certainly knew the times, has a special circle in Hell for those who "wept, when they could have been joyous."

The admission, if it is that, must be made, of course, that from the fifteenth century on, Christian art takes on more and more a somber and tragic note. The suffering Christ begins to dominate the scene, representations of death, sometimes in very lurid form, appear, and so on. But to take these new directions in art as being representative of the whole Middle Ages, is singularly to misread the record of the past.

Up to this period, the fifteenth century (and the reasons for its rise cannot be gone into here), "all the luminous sides of Christianity" had been reflected in art—rarely was there a representation of pain and death; Christ upon His Cross was almost exclusively Christ triumphant; all art portrayed a Christianity which could be summed up "in a single secret word—love."

These remarks may open up some vistas on the Middle Ages for our readers, and, we hope, even for authors like the one with whose summary of period we can by no means agree. That much defamed era in history has been so indefatigably misinterpreted by non-Catholic historians that it comes as no shock (though it is a shame) to read facile and false summations like those which have led to the writing of this article.

It is doubly a shame that those distortions should come from one who claims kinship with a saintly and noble soul, whose life span bridges over from the late Middle Ages into the so-called modern times. Saint Francis de Sales (1567-1622), an ancestor of M. Raoul de Roussy de Sales, would have understood the Ages of Faith much better.

BOOKS

UNCHARITABLE VENGEANCE

Dearly Beloved. By Harry Sylvester. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$2.50

MR. SYLVESTER has written a very complicated novel in which he attempts to deal concurrently with the inner life of Calverton, a Southern Maryland town, the Negro problem, the cooperative movement, the Jesuits and the personal history of John Cosgrave, a Brooklyn Irish-American, allegedly educated at Georgetown and Harvard and a victim, in the author's eyes, of a species of spiritual immaturity labeled Jansenism. This is a very large order for a short novel.

The problem of *Dearly Beloved* is stated in terms of the spiritual degeneracy of Calverton, an ancient Catholic community. The Calverton whites are represented as a despicable and hypocritical lot who resent the efforts of Fathers Kane and Cornish to improve the economic condition of the Negroes by forming a fishing cooperative. When Cosgrave arrives to assist in the work of the cooperative, he meets the black-white feud head on. Through his eyes the reader witnesses arson, seduction, murder and lynching. The enterprise ends in futility.

Cosgrave himself is bewildered and beaten not only by the external events over which he has no control, but also by his own personal problems. His engagement to a rich politician's daughter is broken off and he is involved in an extremely nasty affair with a psychologically diseased girl. Cosgrave abandons his work, bitter and disillusioned, save for his admiration for the saintly Father Kane.

Much of *Dearly Beloved* is concerned with the peripheral psychological complexes of the main characters. These sections inveigh against the spiritual inertia of the ancient Calverton families and the mores of the Jesuit Order, expose the aberrant sexuality of adolescents, pepper the complacent mediocrity of lace-curtain Irish, and describe the mental torture of sin. Many of these scenes are written with intensity and subtlety, and almost all of them faithfully reproduce the color, sound, touch, smell, taste of factual truth. Mr. Sylvester is a far better writer than most of the big names in modern realistic literature.

But the book as a whole does little more than indicate the author's subjective agitation and his intense animosities. The plot wobbles into tangential episodes and well-written asides. Mr. Sylvester has said something about everything without suggesting the causes, much less the conclusions, of the problems which he presents. *Dearly Beloved* is much too personal to be an outstanding sociological novel, and altogether too omniscient to be considered a personal document.

The root of Mr. Sylvester's failure resides in a paradox. His literary habit is naturalistic, while his temperament is ardent, impetuous and reforming. The habit and the temperament clash. Mr. Sylvester undoubtedly intended *Dearly Beloved* to be a work of art which, in its strength and truth, would scourge the Pharisees and root out evil. But this end is almost completely vitiated by the artistic means used to achieve it. Like many anti-Pharisaical books, *Dearly Beloved* permits its wrath to be unjust, its honesty to be shocking, its frankness to be vulgar—its very virtues to be transformed into an uncharitable vengeance.

As a result, Mr. Sylvester sometimes appears to be hunting for dead cats to hurl at "lace-curtain Jansenist Irish" rather than to be contemplating reality as a whole. One can think of no other explanation for certain scenes which are artistically unnecessary and morally dangerous, or for much irresponsible *obiter dicta* on persons, places and things about which his opinions are propounded as judgments.

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY

THREE AGAINST DISEASE

The Doctors Mayo. By Helen Clapesattle. The University of Minnesota Press. \$3.75

THE usual biography is a history of one man's life; *The Doctors Mayo* is the unusual, because it recounts the history of three equally important persons, the father and the two sons, all Doctors Mayo.

Dr. William Worrall Mayo, the father, was a most remarkable man, though less known throughout the world than his famous sons. He was born in a little village near Manchester, England, on May 31, 1819, the third child of James Mayo and Ann Bonselle Mayo. James Mayo was a sea captain and belonged to a family long known and respected. Several of the Mayos had been physicians of some distinction, so that it was not surprising that young William Worrall should become interested in chemistry. He had other educational advantages, also. While William was studying medicine in Glasgow, he met an American physician and decided to come to America. He was then twenty-five years old. Medicine was not exactly a paying profession in those days, nor for some time after, so William turned his hand to many other kinds of business, although medicine was his true vocation. His life was full of adventure. He had such a multiplicity of interests during his long life, that he should have a volume of biography all to himself.

Dr. William James Mayo was born in Le Sueur, Minnesota, on June 29, 1861; and Dr. Charles Horace was born in Rochester, Minnesota, on July 19, 1865. They were the youngest of several children. Their mother was Louise Abigail Wright, and was a truly noble pioneer woman with great courage and practical wisdom. Years later, Dr. Charles said: "The biggest thing Will and I ever did was to pick out the father and mother we had."

Helen Clapesattle, historian and editor of the University of Minnesota Press, has accomplished a fine thing in writing this triple biography. It is not only a history of the progress of medical science in this country during the last hundred years, but also of the stirring times through which these people lived. It is a beautiful tribute to a splendid American clan. While the book is long and full of facts and many personalities, there is not a dull page in it.

All the world knows of the success of the Doctors Mayo, and millions of people have sought out the Mayo Clinic as a haven of relief and cure. But one has to read the book to realize that the secret of the Mayo Brothers was in the unity which existed between them and their parents; and their own generosity and farsightedness in seeking out gifted men to work with them and share with them the glory of helping to heal the ills of humanity. Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie were scarcely ever apart during their entire lives, and in 1939, only two months separated them in death.

CATHERINE MURPHY

RESTRAINT ON BEELZEBUB

Medieval Humanism. By Gerald G. Walsh, S.J. The Macmillan Co. \$1

SINCE the days of the Apostle Saint Paul, Christian scholars have speculated as to who might be that mysterious person or thing "who is at present restraining" the Mystery of Iniquity, and so is hampering the full freedom of the Evil Spirit to work his will in the world. (II Thessalonians, ii, 7.) Appealing is Jacques Maritain's hypothesis, that this "antagonist" might be

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the "truly human heritage" of Christian civilization: that Christendom which was laboriously built up during the Middle Ages, which crumbled during the Renaissance, but may yet, after strange transformations, bloom again.

In these days, therefore, when the Evil Spirit is almost visible in his onslaughts upon the very nature of man himself, we need to arm our own thoughts with the concept of that "antagonist," that rounded and just concept of man which Christianity perfected, did not destroy. This means restoring the notion of Christian Humanism.

Humanism may be understood in a twofold sense, as may its Latin counterpart, *humanitas*. We may mean by humanism the deeper philosophic concept of the human being, as such. Or we may concentrate on those cultural things that make man "humane," giving poise and balance to his lifelong search for happiness. In this latter sense the word is used by Father Walsh, who is professor of Medieval Culture at Fordham University and Editor of *Thought*. Humanism, in his definition, is "a way that reconciles with one another the demands of intelligence, conscience and taste." The Christian Revelation, with its stress upon the eternal and the supernatural, preserved and honored, historically, all that the pagans had discovered of humanism. Moreover, Christianity perfected this "reconciliation," made it stronger and broader, and in the course of the centuries added to it new gifts of wisdom and inspiration unsuspected by the Greeks and Romans of old.

Father Walsh's review of Christian Humanism, from the days of the first Christian martyrs—by no means a gloomy or a fanatical lot—down to men like John Henry Newman at a recent day, is a joyful story. Centuries of battling against heresies and ideologies tend to give our Faith a certain militant, Puritanical grimness, which will betray us if we fail to emphasize the human and joyful side of our belief.

With all the actual failures of the medieval world to achieve an ideal of one great City wherein nature and grace might compose their vexing differences, it did strive for unity; and came nearest to it in Dante. "He," says Father Walsh, "was a humanist who managed to embrace all our modern enthusiasms."

To tell this story means a rather overpowering listing of eras and names. Father Walsh's book is a scant hundred pages, but it is well adapted to study-club form: an introduction to the theme, rather than a complete treatment. Since many of the humanists, in their less favored moments, were pedants (Saint Augustine not excepted), I am tempted pedantically to ask why we should say that old Irish scholars found the Latin language "so much sweeter than their own"? (p. 37.) Was *vir* any sweeter than *fer*, or *dies* than *la*, or *amo* than *caraim*? Leaving this question to Father Walsh, let me recommend his little book for all those who are doing battle with Beelzebub and the lying hosts of gloom.

JOHN LAFARGE

A GLANCE AT THE BOOK CASE

FOR meditation and spiritual reading throughout the year there is this beautiful book on Our Lord's Passion, *The Saviour of the World*, by Winfrid Herbst, S.D.S. (Catholic Literary Guild. \$1.50). The collection consists of fifty-five short reflections, many of them on the Seven Last Words from the Cross.

Taking his title from Saint Clement of Alexandria, the Rev. Hugh F. Blunt in *The New Song: The Beatitudes* (Catholic Literary Guild. \$1.25) presents in his most acceptable style a stimulating study of the meaning and practical application of the Beatitudes.

Father Bernard Kelly, C.S.P. in *The Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost* (Sheed and Ward. \$1.75) gives new light on the importance of the Holy Ghost in the daily life of Christians. Six of the ten chapters comprising the book explain the meaning and working of the Gifts in the soul and life of the ordinary Christian.

For all that she was one of the most widely read Catholic novelists of her day, remarkably little has been known about Frances Fisher Tiernan, until Kate Harbes Becker wrote her *Biography of Christian Reid* (Sacred Heart Junior College, Belmont, N. C.). Here we have Christian Reid given her due place in the history of American Catholic Literature, and for that alone students of literature owe a debt of gratitude to the author.

There is a good deal more than the story of rebuilding the Faith in England in Archbishop Ullathorne's autobiography, *From Cabin Boy to Archbishop* (Benziger. \$5). Dr. Ullathorne was the last of the English Vicars General to survive. He was an apostle of the Church in Australia, the first territorial Bishop of Birmingham, a Benedictine monk of Downside. And he began his life as a cabin boy on a sailing ship. All this is the stirring narrative told by Archbishop Ullathorne's own pen.

Father John Sullivan, S.J., by Fergal McGrath, S.J. (Longmans. \$2.75) is the life story of a brilliant Irish attorney, a convert at the age of thirty-five, who became a Jesuit in Ireland. The talent he showed at the Irish Bar he consecrated to the apostolate for souls as a priest. Even before his death in 1933, miraculous intercessions were attributed to him. This is the Spiritual Book Associates selection for March.

Sister M. Xavier Farrell, now close to her centennial mark, tells her life story in *Happy Memories of a Sister of Charity* (Herder. \$2). During ninety-six years, and the venerable Sister owns to that, one can come across life in a multitudinous variety of its aspects. And this great lady, who modestly speaks of herself as The Scribe, has a great deal to say, from the far away years since she found her vocation in Saint Patrick's parish in Pittsburgh.

Almost everything that happened in 1941, and then some, is well collated for the benefit and instruction of the younger generation in *The Book of Knowledge Annual 1942* (Grolier Society.). The war dominates the past year's happenings, and the explanation of the totalitarian New Order is well done. Catholic happenings are not neglected, and there is a good, though brief, piece on the work of Pius XII. Clear type and excellent illustrations.

John Steinbeck and E. F. Ricketts are responsible for *Sea of Cortez* (Viking Press. \$5), which deals with a trip into the Gulf of California for the purpose of collecting specimens of marine life. The illustrated section consists of forty plates, eight of them colored. There is a glossary of unfamiliar terms and a good index. Occasionally the authors get off the track and out of their depth too. Probably a book appealing mostly to biological specialists.

Quite possibly you may not care a great deal for *Drums of Doomsday*, by Thornwell Jacobs (Dutton. \$2.50). For here, in the form of fiction, is given the story of a Presbyterian minister who, finding the Westminster Confession somewhat out of date, looks for the key to spirituality in Buchmanism. It reads as if possibly a good deal of autobiography had gone into the tale, which is peppered with not a little political spleen.

William L. White went over to England to report on the Battle of Britain, and returned to the United States with a war orphan of three years of age. *Journey for Margaret* (Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50) is the account of what he saw in England under the blitz and his journey for bringing back that war orphan. It is a splendid piece of journalism, and one of the best accounts of Britain in her trial by fire, written obviously with sincerity.

Dorothee Carouso seems to have some slight idea of the picturesque side of Catholicism, and this no doubt accounts for a sort of mixed marriage tale in *Open Then the Door* (Morrow. \$2.50). This, by the way, is a first novel, pleasantly written but inconsequential. The heroine of the tale is a Freethinker, who in the course of the yarn marries a Catholic. Accordingly the inevitable mix-up is easily imagined, and this queerly matched pair ultimately develop into a sort of modern couple, whatever that may be.

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THEATRE

A KISS FOR CINDERELLA. New Yorkers were introduced to *Cinderella* in 1916. I was old enough to grace the opening night, and I am also young enough to remember the occasion vividly. England was at war and we expected to be. We were in a state of nervous apprehension, and the new James M. Barrie comedy was the play to make us forget our troubles for a few hours. With Cinderella well inside the skin of Maude Adams, it did just that. It threw us into a state of gentle melancholy, in which we smiled and sighed and possibly even dropped a sentimental tear.

I must admit that the years have made some changes in the appeal of the old play. It may be that young things of twenty or thereabouts won't find in it all its original charm, and they certainly won't experience the same combination of interest, pleasure and nostalgia with which we old-timers observe Miss Luise Rainer's acting. They will, however, appreciate the fine production Charyl Crawford and Richard M. Krakauer are now giving the excellent revival at the Music Box.

The biggest interest for old-timers, of course, lies in comparing the acting and appearance of the two stars. Both, to be frank, were too old for the role—Miss Adams strikingly so. Miss Rainer is much nearer Cinderella's age, but even she is not exactly the eighteen-year-old little drudge Sir James Barrie had in mind. For the rest, Miss Rainer's impersonation, like Miss Adams', is a vivid and poignant one, broken only by a few too explosive moments in which one rather expects to see the fragile heroine fly apart.

But there is plenty of well sustained life and spirit in Miss Rainer's work, and there are some moments of very real art, especially during the memorable second act. There is also illusion, even in the third act, when Cinderella's sole task is to sit up in her hospital bed and be admired by all and loved by her engaging young policeman—whose part, by the way, is admirably played by Ralph Forbes. The other members of the present company who impressed me are Cecil Humphreys as the King and Ivy Troutman as the Queen, both swaying comfortably in their rocking chairs during the ball. Glen Langan's bit as Danny, which he did very well, also calls for a hand. But, of course, no one in the audience really sees anyone but Cinderella while Miss Rainer is on the stage.

PRIORITIES OF 1942. I've always had a warm interest in vaudeville and, in the golden days of the Palace Theatre in New York, Frances Hodgson Burnett shared it with me. Together we saw all the best programs of every season. In those days vaudeville was clean. It is not wholly clean in its present production, but it is only fair to explain at once that the objectionable "dirt" is supplied by its two leading comedians.

There are many attractions. The best of these are the dancing of Paul Draper, which is superb, and the piano playing of Hazel Scott, which is unique. There are also some wonderful skaters. Miss Helen Reynolds, a strong woman if ever there was one, turns her associates into hand-balls and tosses them lightly about the stage. There is excellent work done by a fine chorus, and there is capital dancing by a Brazilian team, Lari and Conchita, with the assistance of Diana Denise and others. Phil Baker and his accordian bob up occasionally, and the Nonchalants perform with dash and spirit.

In short, much of the new 1942 program at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre is equal to that of the Palace in its palmiest days, and that is a high tribute. Everything, in fact, is fine but the occasional dirt and vulgarity, which Clifford C. Fisher and the Messers. Shubert should hasten to remove before it ruins the new enterprise.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

ALWAYS IN MY HEART. The principle which demands two parents for every child is upheld in this film, which automatically makes it a sentimental story as opposed to the sophisticated type in which there are no parents at all. Unfortunately, the warmth of feeling which should pervade such a story has been exaggerated and the action goes to a melodramatic extreme in proving that adolescents need a father's guidance. A musician who is believed dead by his children is pardoned after serving many years of an undeserved prison sentence and finds his wife being courted by a man who can provide the family with the advantages of wealth. He meets and encourages his musically-inclined daughter and, without revealing his identity, contrives to save her life and her brother's in moments of danger. The family is happily reunited for an appropriate conclusion. Jo Graham's direction is properly sympathetic but the picture would have profited in the quality of its emotion by a greater use of restraint. Walter Huston is effective as the father and Kay Francis is admirable as the mother. Gloria Warren makes her debut as the singing daughter in an agreeable entertainment for the family. (Warner)

WE WERE DANCING. A playlet by Noel Coward, literary apostle of decadent domesticity, is at the bottom of this comedy romance which mirrors all the social vices of that atmosphere of rarefied sordidness passing for high society among suburban sophisticates. A woman who exists as a perennial house-guest turns cannibal on the eve of her wedding to wealth by running off with another professional parasite. Their status as social "extras" lost, married life for them becomes a series of futile suggestions that the husband go to work. The obligatory divorce follows, but on the eve of her remarriage, the woman changes her mind once more and returns to her husband. The film is a superficially clever contradiction in which a pair of drawing-room mercenaries act like incurable romantics. Given such a flimsy plot, director Robert Leonard has reverted to a stage technic and made this a well-dressed conversation piece, crammed with clichés and full of that affected gaiety which springs from a uniform hardness of heart and morals. Norma Shearer is a personable victim of a picture whose manners are polite but whose morals suggest the barnyard. (MGM)

CANAL ZONE. This is an inspirational yarn about aviation in which tragedy transforms a playboy into a pilot and eventually a hero. The plot has been in the public domain for years but it calls upon enough stock responses to hold interest. An irresponsible flier complicates an established romance and gets himself grounded for disobedience. He disappears after causing a fatal accident but is reclaimed by the girl and later proves his mettle by saving the life of his instructor and rival. Chester Morris, Harriet Hilliard and John Hubbard are capable in type roles, and Lew Landers has included enough visual appeal for good *family* fare. (Columbia)

A GENTLEMAN AFTER DARK. The latest version of Richard Washburn Childs' novel about Heliotrope Harry, the society gem thief, is unbelievably theatrical and dated, and the motivation is so twisted that the demi-hero fades out in an aura of pious self-satisfaction at having saved his daughter's peace of mind at the negligible cost of two devious murders. In spite of Edwin Marin's attempts to relieve the mawkish situations with humor and some determined emoting by Brian Donlevy, Preston Foster and Miriam Hopkins, the film is morally muddled and ineffectual entertainment. (United Artists)

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EASTER Sunday preceded by Holy Week will be a busy week for the singers at Saint Patrick's Cathedral in New York City. According to the noted organist and composer, Pietro Yon, who has been its Music Director for the past fifteen years, these musicians will spend twenty-five hours singing through the music just once. Mr. Yon employs twenty professional male singers and the College Choir of one hundred and eighty male members assist this group.

During Holy Week, all of the music is sung at Saint Patrick's without accompaniment, with the exception of Holy Thursday when, at the Pontifical Mass, the organ is played up to the end of the *Gloria* and then it is no longer used until the intonation of the *Gloria* of Holy Saturday.

Let us examine the music routine that Mr. Yon has outlined from Palm Sunday to Easter inclusive. Over fifty motets and antiphons will be sung by this large group of singers, also twenty-seven responsories, or nine responsories each day for three days. Fiorentini wrote the part of the Saint Matthew's Passion that the choir will sing, while three of the Cathedral priests chant the complete Passion in Gregorian. A second Passion, according to Saint John, will also be sung. The Lamentations are chanted by a trio of priests at the altar and over forty psalms, including those sung at Vespers, are used during Holy Week and Easter Sunday. This is only a short resumé and does not include all of the organ music played on Holy Saturday and Easter.

At the Solemn Pontifical Mass at eleven o'clock on Easter Sunday, April 5, the guest soloists will include the tenor, Giovanni Martinelli, and Norman Cordon, basso. These artists are from the Metropolitan Opera. There will be a first performance of Theodore Dubois' *Mass in E-flat major* and a favorite Recessional by Pietro Yon entitled *Christ Triumphant*. Other music by Bach, Hassler, Ravanello and Renzi will be performed.

Mr. Yon has some definite ideas about a uniform service of music in the Catholic Church in this country. He feels that the regulation given by the *Motu Proprio* of Pope Pius X should be carried out completely in all churches.

The highly artistic significance of the *Motu Proprio* is recognized by artists of renown throughout the world, and ought to be by all congregations. The beauty of the liturgy of the Church should be strictly followed, but as in the performing of all classical work, it is most important to secure good artists to render these liturgical programs. They can be sung very well or can be done so badly that it is an annoyance to the listener. This may be compared to a beautiful Sonata of Beethoven when its performance is good or bad.

In his program at Saint Patrick's Cathedral, Mr. Yon is always strictly liturgical but gives a great deal of variety, not only in organ music, but in processions, recessions, inspiring Gregorian chant, ancient and modern compositions, both *a capella* and with the organ.

It is his opinion that the complete liturgy of the Church may be carried on by employing six professional male voices and a good organist and choir director. He must be well trained in piano and organ playing, harmony, transposition, musical composition and orchestration. He must be versed in Gregorian Chant, have the knowledge of voice culture which will enable him to train his singers and balance his choir. He must have the essentials of a good teacher, cultivating tolerance and cooperation with his associates. Since the rules are to be obeyed and not discussed, and singers enjoy a semi-priestly office, as the office of priests is not open to women, female voices should never be heard in church choirs except in convents and girls' schools.

ANNABEL COMFORT

CORRESPONDENCE

SINS OF A NATION

EDITOR: In his review of Hamilton Fish Armstrong's *Thus Speaks Germany* (AMERICA, March 7), Charles Reinhardt properly refutes the thesis that Germany is a nation set apart and tainted with a special sort of sinfulness. As Mr. Reinhardt points out, the same method employed by Armstrong could be used to indict many another nation in the modern world.

But I do not think, for all of that, that the responsibility for Germany's crimes can be shifted from the German people to the leaders of the Nazi party. As someone had said, "people usually get the sort of government they deserve." It is not that the mass of citizens bears full responsibility for every act of their Government, but it does seem that they do bear responsibility for the character of their Government, and for its long-continued policies.

This mad Nazi pride had its origin in the German people, and has continued by the consent of the German people. This may not indicate a tainted national character, but it does indicate a sinful national will.

Is this not the same spirit that Edmund Burke described in his speech on the Bristol Election, when he said that the meanest Protestant cobbler in England, under the old penal laws, felt a pride in knowing that it was only by his generosity that the Catholic peer whose footman's instep he measured was able to keep his chaplain from jail?

The blunders committed by British statesmen in dealing with America before 1783 were due, said Burke, not only to the statesmen, but also to the many Englishmen who took passionate pride in "our subjects in America; our Colonies; our dependents." And so today, the sins of governments can ultimately be laid at the door of their citizens.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

FRANCIS P. CANAVAN

DEAR, DEARI DORAN . . .

EDITOR: Now, now, Doran Hurley, would you have us picture that vigorous lady, Mrs. Crowley, as a woman of eighty or thereabout?

Why then, man, did you say her wedding dress was sixty-odd years old? Would you have the whole Parish down on you?

Miami Beach, Fla.

C. C.

EUCARISTIC MONTH

EDITOR: It may interest your readers to learn that this April, for the sixth consecutive year, a group of souls will unite in the dedication of the month to the Most Holy Eucharist. This movement, which is being carried on with the knowledge of ecclesiastical authority, has been called "an excellent form of Catholic Action—a work that is needed today." The purpose of the Month is twofold: first, to honor and glorify our Eucharistic Lord in a spirit of adoration, thanksgiving, reparation and petition, and second, to save and sanctify souls through a greater knowledge and love of the Holy Eucharist.

April has been observed as the Month of the Holy Eucharist because it is most probably the month in which Our Lord instituted the Blessed Eucharist.

Holy Mother Church, who does not act without good cause, has granted special indulgences for a Month of the Holy Eucharist.

While the spiritual exercises of the month have been left to individual choice, such practices as the frequent

and better still, if possible, daily attendance at Holy Mass and reception of Holy Communion; daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament; Hour of Adoration once or twice during the month or preferably every week, and the reading of literature pertaining to the Holy Eucharist are highly recommended. (A list of appropriate books for use during the month will be sent to anyone requesting it.)

Prayers are requested to insure God's blessing upon this Eucharistic project and an invitation is extended to join in keeping the Month of the Holy Eucharist and to enlist new members. The sending in of names and addresses by those who intend to keep the Month will be greatly appreciated in order that a record may be kept of the number of persons associating themselves with this movement.

Kindly address all communications to the writer at 47 East 81 Street, New York, N. Y.

New York, N. Y.

LORETTA J. FURCHT

RESOLUTION ON PRAYER

EDITOR: I enclose herewith copy of a Resolution which I introduced on Monday, March 2, 1942, in the Assembly of the State of New York, which should be of interest to you and your readers.

WHEREAS, The nations of the earth, including our own beloved country, are now engaged in a world-wide conflict, and

WHEREAS, Our armed forces, comprising our loved ones, our sons and brothers, our husbands and fathers, are fighting on far-flung outposts throughout the world for all that we as Americans hold dear, and

WHEREAS, We as a people, regardless of race or creed, now believe and from the beginning have always placed our faith in the Divine Providence of a Supreme Being Who rules the lives of men and the destinies of nations, and

WHEREAS, General Douglas MacArthur and his gallant forces have proved that military might is not decisive of right, and

WHEREAS, All of us are acutely aware from personal experience that there is "more good wrought by prayer than this world dreams of"; therefore, be it

Resolved (if the Senate concur) that the legislature of the State of New York respectfully request his Excellency the Governor of the State of New York to appoint and proclaim Saturday, the fifteenth day of August, nineteen hundred forty-two, as a day to be set apart by the citizens of our State for prayer to Almighty God, the Supreme Commander of all, that our nation may eventually achieve victory with honor and that a just and lasting peace may come to the warring nations of the world.

This would make August 15, 1942, a day of prayer for peace.

Albany, N. Y.

FRANCIS E. DORN

COMIC AND MOVIE CULTURE

EDITOR: I read with much interest John Wiltby's article, *By-Product of War May Help Education*, in the February 28 issue of AMERICA.

I have been much concerned with the English which our students speak and write, although I teach the social studies. Test questions of the essay type are almost impossible to give. Maybe too many true-false tests and other of our modern objective tests have made the use

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of sentences appear unnecessary to the average student. We could do a little abolishing: let's have fewer tests (the youngsters won't mind) but better tests. Then, there will be time for more and better teaching.

The eight-four-four plan would be more effective if we could do a little further abolishing: the ubiquitous and iniquitous comics and during-the-week movies. Our children are writing like the comics and speaking like the movies. The Lord only knows all that they are thinking, but the teachers who care know that much of the thinking is not healthy, and therefore, dangerous.

Some of our children are spending more time in the theatres than they do at school. Any plan schools may adopt will have to be just short of miraculous to counteract the influence of the comics and of the movies. Of course, in the early days of the eight-four-four plan, there probably was a little more parental supervision, which is not to be sniffed at, whichever plan schools might choose for the future.

Lewiston, Me.

HELENE W. MURPHY

WELCOME TID-BITS

EDITOR: Do you think your readers would welcome more of those historical tid-bits by Thomas F. Meehan such as his *Oldest Shrines to Saint Patrick* (AMERICA, March 14)? I most certainly do!

Brooklyn, N. Y.

WILLIAM J. MAGEE

EAST-WEST TRUCE

EDITOR: May one who, in recent years, has taken more than an academic interest in the affairs of trade unionism utter a hearty word of gratitude for Father Massee's recent articles? Ordinarily we Westerners resent Eastern advice, but I for one am willing to call a truce between the Eastern and Western intellectuals, if the East can provide us with comments like Father Massee's.

Chicago, Ill.

EDWARD MARCINIAK

BRILLIANT FORDHAM TRIO

EDITOR: When death claimed Dr. James J. Walsh last week it broke up a trio of brilliant men who attended Fordham University in the mid-eighties, the other two being the Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S.J., of Fordham University, and Thomas A. Daly, newspaper columnist and author. All were natives of Pennsylvania. All turned out to be prolific writers. All were able lecturers. The Lord blessed all with a keen sense of humor. And the three were fast friends.

Having studied medicine here and abroad, Dr. Walsh was equipped to write works of a scientific nature, and in this he had an advantage not enjoyed by his two friends. While he turned out many books relating to the field of medicine, he wrote many more, as our readers know, of an historical or a biographical nature. Flashes of wit appeared in all of his writings.

While T. A. Daly has written considerable prose, he has specialized in verse. Oh, he has written plenty of poetry, too! But it is his humorous verse that has won him fame. His dialect verse distinguishes him particularly. When he was a boy, the Irish immigrants were just beginning to win recognition, as they had risen above the plane of the laborer, and the Italian immigrants were beginning to follow in the footsteps of their Celtic brethren. Daly eulogized them in his Irish and Italian dialect verses, which were first collected in his volumes *Canzoni* and *Carmina*. He always makes you grin, but he usually puts some good, sound bit of wisdom into his verses. His admonition to "Kiss Her" should be committed to memory by every bridegroom! True, he has not written as many books as Dr. James J. Walsh, but his newspaper lineage must run into the millions!

Father Francis P. Donnelly, S.J., is the most versatile of the trio. Year in and year out he has been writing

poems, songs, essays, spiritual books, textbooks on English, the classics. A contributor to the *Centurion*, the handsome volume which Fordham University published on the occasion of her Centenary Celebration last year, said of him: "Father Donnelly, now a member of the Fordham Faculty, is still teaching, preaching, lecturing and writing—articles, pamphlets, and at least one book a year. You may take this or leave it, but early this year the University Librarian decided to arrange an exhibit of all the books written by Fordham alumni. His first step was to assemble all the works of Father Donnelly—and shortly afterward announcement was made that one of the really urgent needs of the University is an addition to the Library Building!" And since then, Father Donnelly has produced a couple of books, one of which, dealing with the Speech of Demosthenes on the Crown, is being hailed throughout the educational world.

Fordham may well be proud of this literary trio. Truly, the mid-eighties might be called her Golden Age. But she has produced many able young writers in recent years—in time they, too will probably reach the literary heights.

Bronx, N. Y.

EDWARD P. GILLERAN

HIT 'EM IN THE PURSE

EDITOR: Father Toomey's article on the magazines (*Some Pages in Our Magazines Should Be Labeled "Poison,"* AMERICA, February 14) should make all of us think. Profit seems to be the only standard by which the editors judge the acceptability of articles and stories and, with few exceptions, practically any advertisement is taken.

The only way they can be reached is through the purse. If we as a body would abstain from purchasing what they publish for a short time, it seems probable they would see the light quickly.

We would certainly profit by such action and the editors might see that they have been passing the limit of what is permissible to print.

Pekin, Ill.

ALBERT H. McDONALD

LOYAL CATHOLICS

EDITOR: In the correspondence column for March 7, in the letter *Call in the F.B.I.*, it was stated that thirty per cent of the armed forces are Catholic.

We can well be proud of these figures. We represent but fifteen per cent of the population, yet I have been told by a Chaplain in the armed forces that thirty-one per cent of the Army, forty per cent of the Navy and fifty per cent of the Marine Corps are Catholic.

Is this the Church that ought to be destroyed because it does not make its members loyal citizens?

Kansas City, Mo. REV. HENRY M. GALLAGHER

ILLUMINATING ILLUSTRATIONS

EDITOR: It would be revealing for your correspondent, W. T. Ryerson (cf. *Catholic Illustration*, AMERICA, February 28), to examine Father McGuire's new *Revised Baltimore Catechism*, just published.

These books are illustrated in cartoon, diagrammatic and symbolic drawings, descriptive of the predominant truth in each lesson.

Peekskill, N. Y.

MARY C. FREY

(The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of the writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with them; just as the readers may or may not agree with the Editor. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, and merely tolerates lengthy epistles.)

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IDIOSYNCRASIES were manifested by outlaw careerists. . . . After robbing an Ohio home, a burglar dropped into bed beside the house-owner for a nap. Awakened in the morning by the owner, the burglar got away safely. . . . In California, a stick-up man, breaking into an apartment, became so interested in a chess game under way that he put his gun up, assisted one of the players, who after the game borrowed a dollar from him. . . . In a New York court, an individual appeared before a magistrate, requested that he be arrested as a vagrant, believing that thirty days behind bars would straighten him out. The magistrate declared: "You're the fellow who stole my patent-leather shoes given to me for Confirmation, when I was swimming one day thirty-five years ago." His resentment having evaporated over the years, the magistrate gave the man thirty days, no more. . . . A Phoenix, Ariz., cab driver took the trousers off a citizen as security for unpaid fare. The citizen was then arrested for appearing trouserless on the street. . . . Mistakes occurred. . . . A Los Angeles City Council ordinance, legalizing carousals, was drawn up. The Council intended to legalize a carousel. . . . An Indianapolis girl office worker stuck chewing gum under her desk, right on a burglar alarm button. Six detectives poured into the office. . . . Deception was charged. . . . Suing for divorce, a seventy-three-year-old Chicago bride of one year accused her husband of deceiving her by stating he was only eighty when he was eighty-six. . . . Persons were reported missing. In a California honor prison, the editor of the convicts' paper was sent out to cover a story. Feeling, after four days, that no story, no matter how complicated, would take that long to cover, the warden appointed another editor. . . .

An interchange of Scriptural texts occurred in Texas. In a letter to the rationing administrator, a minister, striving to strengthen his appeal for new automobile tires, quoted as follows: "Go ye into the world and preach the Gospel." The administrator rejected the appeal, and quoted another Scriptural passage: "I will saddle me an ass." . . . Names were called. . . . In Louisiana, a tenth son was born and named Umpire. The father stated: "We'll call him Umpire. The other nine make up the baseball team." . . . Advice was given. The will of a Buffalo man counseled his widow: "Never lend money, regardless of amount, to any relative or to any friend. The result of such loan can be only ill feeling and loss of friendship in addition to the probable loss of the amount loaned." It was believed that the widow would heed the advice. . . . Sporting events aroused interest. . . . In Wisconsin, the holder of the pancake-eating title became the world's champion raw-egg-eater by downing sixty-six eggs. . . . Changes in the law were urged. In Los Angeles, a movement was set on foot to make escaping from jail illegal. Under the present statutes, breakouts from jails are legal. . . . Establishment of new judicial precedents provoked comment. . . . A Pennsylvania court ruled that an individual who loses his job because of a prison sentence cannot claim unemployment compensation. . . . Another of the joys of peacetime was sacrificed. . . . The president of the New York State Marbles Tournament Association officially called off all games of marbles "for the duration of the entire war." . . .

A sixty-seven-year-old engineer brought his train into Buffalo recently. It was his last ride in the engine, for he was retiring after forty-seven years, 2,000,000 miles of railroading, without a single accident. Asked how he sidestepped accidents in such a long career, he explained: "By God's help. Thanks to the help of God, I never had an accident."

THE PARADER